

Catholic Digest

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THE GOLDEN THREAD OF CATHOLIC THOUGHT

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CATHOLIC DIGEST

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

Remember, O Lord, Thy covenant, and say to the destroying Angel, "Hold now thy hand that the land be not laid waste, and that thou destroy not every living soul." I beseech Thee, O Lord, let Thine anger be turned from Thy people that the land be not laid waste, and that Thou destroy not every living soul.

From Matins of the 4th Sunday after Pentecost.

THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

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The policy of The Catholic Digest is to draw upon all Catholic magazines and upon non-Catholic magazines as well, when they publish catholic articles. We are sorry the latter cannot be taken as a general endorsement of everything in the non-Catholic magazines. It is rather an encouragement to them to continue using Catholic material. In this we follow the advice of St. Paul: For the rest, brethren, all that is true, all that is seemly, all that is just, all that is pure, all that is lovable, all that is winning—whatever is virtuous or praiseworthy—let such things fill your thought.



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Cooperatives

Democracy in fact

By THOMAS F. DOYLE

Condensed from *Thought**

A century will soon have elapsed since the now famous group of consumers in Rochdale, England, banded together for their mutual benefit. The year 1844 marked a successful revolt of the wage earner against profit-hungry industrialists battling for economic supremacy. Working 14 hours a day for wages that scarcely kept life in their bodies, the Rochdale Pioneers adopted what seemed the best means for escaping from a degrading poverty. They went into business for themselves. But first they formulated certain rules that set them apart, in philosophy and purpose, from their competitors. They were in business, not primarily to make profits, but to serve, to assure to the worker the promise of a richer and fuller life. They were among the first businessmen in modern industrial history successfully to incorporate into their methods the teachings of Christianity.

Throughout the world, among every

race and creed, the Rochdale plan has been adopted and has worked amazingly well. It rescued Denmark from virtual collapse after the last war. It is building a new strength for the people of China, working out a practical means of setting 50 million to 60 million refugees to work. It is serving England well in the present crisis, as reports from London eloquently reveal.

Cooperative banking was started in America in 1900 by Alphonse Desjardins, a Catholic official in Quebec, who afterwards cooperated with Edward A. Filene in introducing the credit union in the U. S. The first cooperative institution in Belgium was a bank founded by Abbé Melalaerts, while at present large-scale buying and selling is carried on by a Catholic group, the *Boerenbond Belge*. Catholic priests were responsible for the rapid progress made by cooperative banking in Poland. One of the two main branches of the move-

*Fordham University, New York City. June, 1942.

ment in the Netherlands is the Federation of Diocesan Unions of Catholic Cooperative Societies, which has about 120 affiliates with 40,000 members. In Ireland, Father T. A. Finlay, S.J., was long associated with Sir Horace Plunkett and George Russell in a variety of cooperative enterprises. Switzerland harbors the Catholic union, *Konkordia*, with 44 associates, embracing 5,000 members. In America at present scores of Catholic priests are active in the promotion of cooperative undertakings, particularly in the rural field, where an attempt is being made to halt emigration from the farm and re-establish a sounder and better-balanced agrarian economy.

It was Father D. Wilfred Soucy who, within the short space of three years, brought new life to two small communities in the Aroostook potato country known as Sinclair and Guerette. In the face of much opposition, he established credit unions, a cooperative creamery, a cooperative breeding association for dairymen, and a new home-craft project to provide part-time work for hundreds of residents. The rehabilitation of the rural parish of Westphalia, Iowa, through the inspiration and example of Father Duren, is another of the less-known achievements that deserve mention along with the patient and laborious work of Monsignor Ligutti among the unemployed miners of Granger, Iowa. The remarkable success of the cooperative undertaking at St. Theresa's Village, near Greenville, Ala., suggests that however much the lack of homogeneity in the

country at large may impede cooperative plans, in Catholic parishes, where there is at least a religious homogeneity, successes can readily be multiplied, provided that there exists a strong social urge to save and a genuine feeling for conscious cooperation.

Cooperation flows from deep human needs. It is neither a cult nor a religion, as some scoffers would claim, but an application of religion to economic life. Cooperatives were not born because men sought a new faith, but because adversity and the denial of social justice revealed the need of applying religion to the transactions of the industrial age. Beginning as an educational force in the school and home, its practice extends far into the economic world. One writer has described it as gathering the dynamism of the unpropertied into the van of Christianity. It is a movement that recognizes no distinction of class, race or color, fitting easily into the pattern of American democracy.

Cooperation, however, does more than satisfy material appetites. It confers a new dignity on the individual. It gives hope to the underprivileged, encouraging him to work with others for his own and the common good. It inculcates the spirit of self-sacrifice and self-discipline so vital to the well-being of any nation. If cooperation enables a man to feed and clothe his family more cheaply, it also teaches him respect for leadership, broadens his understanding of social and political problems. It makes him a better citizen and a better Christian. In education, culture and

moral development, it reaps dividends greater than any material gain.

In many respects, cooperation is antithetical to the competitive system of doing business. To the cooperative, capital is a means to build but not to dominate business. The one tends to concentrate, the other to distribute ownership of property. Whereas a corporation having half a million stockholders may easily pass into the control of a small group or even a single individual, the cooperative is guided by democratic principles that make such control less possible. The expensive promotional advertisements of profit business, for which the customer eventually foots the bill, are eliminated. Since consumers, as owners, would be merely deceiving themselves by such practices, abuses often found in conventional business are not indulged in. There is no adulteration of goods, no mislabeling, no short weights, no "loss leader" devices. The local cooperative is a source of far more pride and satisfaction to the consumer than any private company, however efficient its service. It is not hard, for instance, to gauge the reactions of a Minnesota worker as he buys his gas at a cooperative filling station, drives past huge cooperative warehouses and creameries, talks over a cooperative telephone, eats his meals in a cooperative cafeteria, sleeps in a cooperative boarding house, reads a cooperative newspaper, or sends his clothing to be washed by a cooperative laundry. These enterprises are his. He made them. He can control them. They have set him free from

dependence upon corporations whose policies are dictated, not by what the consumer wants or needs, but by the desire for profits.

There is no doubt that both forms of enterprise can and will continue to exist side by side, but the cooperative, now doing only a small percentage of the nation's business, if it does not eventually displace the more exploitative form of capitalism, will serve to checkmate attempts at monopoly (as it has done so conspicuously in the oil industry), to bring about lower prices and to increase individual buying power. Because its owners are also consumers, the cooperative precludes the possibility of profiteering. Realizing the impossibility of ever estimating costs accurately in advance, the cooperative adopts the prevailing market price, but through its system of patronage dividends, the difference between the estimated and the true cost is restored to the consumer. Investors usually receive interest at the rate of 5% or 6%, this being considered a part of operating expense. Instead of corporate profits frozen in a few wealthy hands, cooperative surpluses, distributed in proportion to the member's patronage, circulate in the hands of the people with real and pressing needs. More goods are bought, hence there is more production, more work for men in factories, large payrolls. Beginning with purchases in the cooperative store, a cycle of prosperity is created. With more money to spend on household and personal goods, on healthful recreation and for educational purposes,

it follows that there is a marked improvement in cultural and spiritual as well as material standards. In this total gain, all businesses, non-cooperative and cooperative, as well as the community at large, stand to benefit.

Forty years ago, the farm-marketing cooperatives were bitterly opposed by the private interests with which they competed. What served to allay criticism was the gradual realization that cooperatives must compete on equal terms, that they were not concerned with attacking private enterprises, but with giving the consumer something he wanted. Like every other business, the cooperative pays taxes, though assertions to the contrary have often been made. The cooperatives are opposed to government subsidy for any form of competitive enterprise, including their own, and are, furthermore, as much opposed to government bureaucracy and unnecessary expansion of governmental activities as any of their business critics. To businessmen whose own methods are beyond reproach, the cooperatives are actually helpful in combining to rid the market of unscrupulous and unethical competitors. Above all, it is becoming increasingly apparent to reasonable men that cooperation, besides being a thoroughly democratic institution, has certain social objectives, that it is more an auxiliary than a supplanter of capitalism.

Extending more and more into the fields of production, marketing, banking and service, cooperation is still largely a retail enterprise and as such is more easily explained. A cooperative

store looks like any other, but there is a difference in the method of organization. A successful attempt at cooperation must be preceded by a careful study of the Rochdale principles which have stood the test of time and experience. Many a cooperative venture has come to a sad end because one or more of these tested rules have been violated or ignored. Briefly, these principles are: membership open to all; one vote only to each member, regardless of the number of shares held; interest not greater than the legal or current rate; savings refunded to members in proportion to their purchases, or to be used collectively for the common interests of the group; sales for cash at market prices; devotion of part of earnings to educational activities and expansion; complete neutrality on political and religious questions.

None of these rules has ever been discredited in all the 97 years since their promulgation. They have proved adaptable to local and changing needs. "We must," commented Charles Gide, professor of political economy in the University of Paris, "recognize this as one of the most remarkable phenomena in economic history." With efficient leadership, cooperative organizations, holding fast to the Rochdale pattern, have survived depressions which reaped a high mortality among non-cooperative businesses. It is interesting to note that while other businesses were laying off help, the English cooperative societies added 30,000 workers during five depression years.

The cooperative store possesses im-

portant advantages lacking in ordinary business. The assurance of a steady patronage eliminates promotional costs. Since there is no motive of profit, there is no reason to make false or misleading statements concerning merchandise. Inspection, standardization and proper labeling assure high quality and the customer knows exactly what he is buying. Some advertising does take place, of course, but it is informational rather than promotional. The very nature of the cooperative enterprise assures other advantages that the private store does not enjoy. Cooperative stores are likely to be found in places where rents are lower. Patrons are more willing to wait for service, thus reducing personnel. Cooperatives sell for cash and have no delivery service. They benefit from the voluntary, unpaid services of members, who, as committeemen or as individuals, often spend hours in deciding purchases or keeping accounts. All this makes for the sale of goods at lowest possible prices. Whether it is to save money, to obtain goods of assured quality, or to give expression to his social ideals, the member finds cooperation richly satisfying.

The best augury for the continuing success of cooperation is its "each for all and all for each" spirit. *Sales Management*, interviewing 400 cooperators in nine societies, found that idealism was the principal reason for their membership, and that in cases where patronage dividends were not forthcoming, 91% found other justifications which made participation worth while.

More than 60% of those questioned had two or more years' membership behind them and could be relied upon to give a sober, reasoned judgment. One business writer, characterizing the movement as half ideology and half economics, conceded, nevertheless, that it is an organism of potentially tremendous power. All it needed, he said, was some genius to harness usefully the "excessive energy and emotion" that the typical member puts into his local cooperative along with the sweat-stained dollars that buy his stock.

The registration of new cooperative credit unions at Washington has reached a total of 100 groups a month. There are now almost 10,000 of these unions in existence, with assets of \$250 million, providing short-term loans at low rates of interest to many who formerly might have suffered at the hands of loan sharks. Recent estimates by the Farm Credit Administration disclose purchases by 2,600 farmers' purchasing societies aggregating \$350 million yearly. These rural groups have an enrolled membership of 900,000 persons. Sales of 8,100 cooperative marketing associations exceeded \$1,700,000,000 in 1940. In the same year, when \$100 million worth of petroleum products flowed through cooperative channels, the first cooperative oil refinery was opened at Phillipsburg, Kan., at a cost of \$800,000. At present there are not less than 1,800 cooperative insurance societies, while the number of consumer societies, all told, approximates 17,500.

Emulating the Rochdale Pioneers,

whose first wholesale organization, opened in 1864, had a million-dollar turnover within two years, American cooperatives have established several regional wholesaling societies. Those serving urban cooperatives deal with food products, the agricultural units handling farm supplies and machinery. The oldest wholesale co-op in the country is the Central Cooperative Wholesale at Superior, Wis., owned and operated by people of Finnish descent, and doing about a \$4-million-a-year business. The growth of the Eastern Cooperative Wholesale in Brooklyn is indicated by figures which show sales of \$1,076,256 in 1939, compared with \$285,512 in 1936. Six hundred separate food and household items are processed and packaged on specification for the wholesale, which labels them all with the familiar pine-tree trade-mark. A testing kitchen is maintained for routine checks and every can sent out of the plant carries a careful description of the quality of the contents. A much bigger wholesale is the Eastern States Farmers' Exchange at Springfield, Mass., which buys farm supplies for 90,000 farm families. Its annual expenditures approximate \$23 million and its ramifications extend far southward into Pennsylvania. The Consumers' Cooperative Association in North Kansas City, starting in 1929 with a capital of \$3,000, now serves 486 cooperative retail outlets, and in addition to the oil refinery at Phillipsburg, owns its own newspaper, which circulates among 80,000 readers.

Venturing into the field of produc-

tion, the cooperators own, besides oil refineries and wells, five fertilizer factories, three feed mills, two flour mills, a printing plant, a coffee-roasting plant, and a paint factory. More powerful and numerous even than the consumer cooperatives are the marketing cooperatives that enable the farmers to band together to sell their products to the best advantage. Likewise, farmers have combined their resources in running cooperative farms, where work is shared according to the ability of each man and earnings are divided equally. Cooperative medicine and cooperative insurance are developments that command attention. Although opposed by the American Medical Association, the cooperative health associations have at least secured endorsement of a semi-cooperative plan for hospital care. This is generally known as the 3c-a-day plan and is becoming daily more widely patronized. In the North Central States, cooperative burial associations have been formed along the lines of European societies, the main purpose being to combat the exorbitant rates frequently charged by private undertakers.

Initiated with some misgivings at the beginning of the depression, college cooperatives have grown to a membership of over 100,000. Students save themselves \$1 million a year on total purchases amounting to over \$4 million. Studies have shown that the practical training and experience afforded by campus organizations have given members an advantage over non-cooperating students in getting jobs.

What is even more important is that young men and women have learned what real democracy is and have been inspired to go into the world confident that they can make their ideals work.

The growth of cooperation in the U. S. in recent years, however sketchily outlined, cannot fail to impress. The growing interest in the movement among leaders and workers and the tragic certainty that the war will be followed by a vast increase in unemployment and by widespread hardship, point, however, to an expansion of co-operation beyond anything heretofore experienced. What other developments lie ahead? No student of history will deny that a revolution could easily follow the postwar collapse foreseen by Dr. Leon Henderson and other economists. Not necessarily a revolution of blood, but certainly a vast change in the way of life to which we have grown accustomed. Whatever its political outcome, the war will find our democracy undergoing a severe test. There will be a searching by the people for means to build a new society out of the ruins of much of the old. Some fear that fascism may issue out of the chaos of the future. Others, more darkly pessimistic, visualize an America overrun by communism. On the other hand, leaders in the cooperative movement believe that the danger of totalitarianism can be

averted by cooperation, that it is the only method of economic organization in operation today that is moving toward the prevention of this disaster.

Seeking a remedy for the inequities and hardships in the American industrial system, Catholic leaders have demonstrated their faith in the effectiveness of cooperation in the building of a better social order. Without straining toward impossible goals, units of Catholic Action should find in the movement a fruitful field of endeavor. In numberless instances, the benefits of cooperation have been made apparent in a brighter, more Christian, more zestful attitude toward life. For what it has already achieved for the farmer and his family, America is immensely indebted to the cooperative society. There can be no doubt of the justification behind the constant appeal to Catholic parishes to establish credit unions and cooperative stores, particularly in urban centers. It is justified by what the cooperative record everywhere reveals and by the tragic certainty of tomorrow's greater needs. Poverty and lack of opportunity are surely anachronisms in a country so bountifully endowed, but they will continue until the needy are moved to seek among themselves the leadership and resources that will help to build a more balanced and Christian society.



Pianists, painters and professors occupy in many Latin-American countries the kind of prestige accorded in the U. S. only to pugilists, dipsomaniacs or crooners.

Life (April 27 '42).

One Tenth of the Nation

By JOHN DANIELS

Condensed from *Tomorrow**

No color line for merit

Brought here from age-long African primitiveness, the Negro was enslaved for two and a half centuries. Then suddenly he was cast virtually naked and possessionless into a condition of so-called freedom, to survive or perish. And now he has been a free-man little more than 70 years.

True it is that under slavery he learned much. He learned to speak English, and spoke it softly. He learned the ways of the white man, good and bad, and the rules of the game in this new world. Nor was slavery by any means synonymous with cruelty. On the contrary, in every respect except one, but that most vital, many of the slave owners were kinder than they were unkind, more humane than inhuman; they took good physical care of their slaves, and felt for them a real affection that was reciprocated.

The one vital respect in which slavery was cruel in a way far deeper than the physical, was in its automatic prohibition of the Negro's independent progress as a human being.

The Negro's freedom was—and still is—very loose in some ways and very tight in others: loose in that he was left to knock about and be knocked about ad lib.; and tight in that political, economic, and social lines were drawn concerning which the Negro was told: "This far, but no farther." So he began,

and with gradual mitigation is continuing, his life as a freeman.

Of the disadvantages against which the Negro has had to contend, two are so enormous that they overshadow all the others. First is the stigma of slavery, with its psychological effect on the attitude of white Americans toward the Negro, and the Negro's own consciousness of that attitude and his reaction to it. Second is the hard necessity of developing stamina and self-reliance.

The stigma of slavery is being worn down very slowly, as generations of Negro and white Americans get farther away from the days of slavery, and tend to forget or rise above its implications. In countries where the Negro has never been a slave, there is little or no antipathy toward him, and no peculiar barriers have been erected against him. On the continent of Europe, and especially in France, it was a common sight to see Negroes, most of them from Africa but some from America, going about quite freely with no suggestion of a color line. But in the U. S. we still see the Negro in the light of his former degradation. And of course the Negro not only knows that his white fellow countrymen so regard him, but is unable as yet to purge himself wholly from his own haunting consciousness of his ancestral status.

Both the prejudice and the complex will yield at length; even now they are yielding little by little.

In the Negro's case it is unquestionable that outside influences have been mostly against him, that he is amply warranted, up to a certain point, in protesting against these adversities, and in working for their removal. But beyond that point he must recognize that, in the long run, his attainment and his future are up to him and will depend mainly upon his ability to win out in the grinding process of competition with his white compatriots.

The Negro has done unusually well. When he was set free, he had to compete on his own merits. And when now, after only 70-odd years of liberty, an observer stands off and views objectively what the Negro has achieved, this achievement must in all fairness be regarded as well-nigh incredible.

Some parts of his progress may be gathered from census statistics. Steady growth of literacy and education. Betterment as agricultural field hands, tenants, and owners of farms. Beginnings of ascent up the industrial ladder from so-called menial and personal service to common, semiskilled, and skilled work in many fields of production. The gaining of at least a toe hold in various labor unions, and of a major victory in the admission of the Sleeping Car Porters' Union to the American Federation of Labor. Constant headway in Civil Service employment, the professions, and independent business proprietorship. Substantial growth of bank deposits and other forms of

saving, increase of home ownership; improvement in standards of living. Development of self-respect and pride of race, accompanied by enhanced respect on the part of white Americans. Growing recognition and assertion of civil and political rights and obligations. Insistent demand in the present national emergency that the Negro shall not be subject to racial discrimination, as regards distribution of employment in defense industries, enrollment in the country's military forces, and allocation of civilian participation and responsibilities.

Such facts as these indicate that although the Negro still has a long road to travel, he is assuredly on his way—13 million strong.

Here are some of the specific and characteristic traits and attributes in which the Negro excels, and in terms of which his cultural and moral contributions to American life are going to be made: musicality and innate rhythm; imagination and natural aptitude for acting; eloquence and native genius for the human content of language; cheerfulness, and a humor all his own; gentleness, kindness, patience; generosity, sociability, innate cooperativeness; best of all, religious faith and fervor.

In the realm of music, the Negro's best-known and best-loved contribution is his beautifully simple, humble but exalted spirituals, those outpourings of his heart and spirit to God, from which, during his long servitude and since, he has drawn solace for his worldly tribulations and hope for fu-

ture happiness. Now these spirituals, cherished by Negro and white Americans alike, are accepted as among America's foremost contributions to the music of the world.

The Negro's natural rhythm is best known through his dancing: the marvels of timing and artistry which are the tap dancing of Bill "Bojangles" Robinson and the drum-accompanied patterns staged by Katherine Dunham and her troupe. Wise men of science say that rhythm is basic in life and the universe. If so, the Negro is in tune.

Though his imagination may sometimes get him into practical difficulties, it stands him in good stead on the stage, for with but slight exaggeration it may be said that every Negro is a born actor. He not only acts the part, but for the time being he is the character and lives the action. That explains why *The Green Pastures*, which portrayed a white man's notion of how the Negro pictures heaven, was able to enlist in Harlem a group of men, women, and children, with little or no previous stage experience, who played the parts of rank-and-file angels quite wholeheartedly and perfectly. Richard B. Harrison's portrayal of "De Lawd" was one of the simplest and finest pieces of acting ever seen in the American theater; the roles of Gabriel and Noah followed on its heels in excellence.

In comedy much of the Negro's acting, as for example, that of the inimitable Bert Williams, draws its peculiar charm from caressing play with words. Listening to a Negro comedian, or bet-

ter still to a pair of them in dialogue, is to hear things pulled from words as surprisingly as a magician pulls things from a hat. The Negro has a veritable genius for the human and humorous content of language. He is naturally eloquent and picturesque of speech.

Along with the Negro's lilt go his gentleness, kindness, and patience. An eminent Frenchman who visited these shores some years ago, said when he departed that the Negroes were the truest gentlefolk in America. They are naturally considerate of others. The women are excellent mothers and nurses. Southern white people, in slavery days and since, have entrusted Negro "mammies" with the complete care of their little children. When some years ago I organized and directed a municipal Children's Home Bureau to place New York City's dependent children in foster-family homes rather than institutions, I found that some of the best results were obtained with the Negro children placed in Negro homes. Many who seemed to be almost subnormal mentally when they first came to the bureau blossomed out surprisingly under the gentle care of their foster mothers.

Sociability is another of the Negro's rich endowments. But though this sociability is apparent to the most casual observer, it is not commonly appreciated at its real worth. By nature the Negro is not individualistic but communitive, and is less competitive than cooperative. He is the readiest joiner in this land of joiners. In a Negro community the number and variety of "so-

cieties" baffle enumeration. Providing no end of good times, they also train the Negro to put his natural cooperativeness into practice by doing concrete things in company with his fellow men.

The Negro is not naturally acquisitive. He loves to give, and when he gets a little money he likes to spend it on others as well as himself. Negroes help each other out with spontaneous generosity and good neighborliness when the going gets too hard. Witness the rent parties up in Harlem, when

the friends of a family that can't pay the landlord get together for fun and pass the hat. Such help is not "coldly statistical" but straight from the heart.

Deepest and best of all the Negro's assets are his religious faith and fervor. William Pickens, a Negro who made a brilliant record as student at Yale and is now engaged in educational work, once declared, "The Negro has religiousness enough to save America." And there's no denying that America could stand more of the spirit of religion.



Public Reunion

"You see," said the American youth I met on a London bus, "Sister Aimee McPherson had words with her mother, and unfortunately the newspapers got hold of the story. Well, Sister was determined not to let a nasty tale like that make the rounds, especially at Christmas, so when she had a great congregation in the temple for the Christmas tree, she had four disciples hand her a big box fixed up with pink ribbons, and her mother climbed out of the box, and they cried for joy and embraced one another, and then the organ pealed, and everyone knew they'd made up."

I began to laugh, and once having begun, I could not stop. I laughed so much that I nearly fell off the bus. The more disapprovingly the young American stared at me, the more I laughed. I suppose he thought that I was mad. I was still laughing when I got off the bus, although I had by this time a pain in my side, and I was still laughing when I pealed my own bell, although there is nothing amusing about having lost one's latchkey. So stimulating, in fact, were my memories of Sister Aimee McPherson, that my despairing mood vanished, and I was able to sit down and write until nearly four o'clock in the morning.

From *Life's a Circus* by Lady Eleanor Smith (Doubleday, Doran, 1940).

Gene Tunney

By L. A. G. STRONG

Novelist's dream

Condensed from the *Catholic Times**

Ever since the prize ring fascinated Hazlitt, pugilism has had a great attraction for writers. Essayists have praised the boxer, novelists have made him their hero, and, true to their imaginative calling, have gone one better than life. For half a century they have dreamed of a boxer so intelligent and skillful that he could go through his competitors like a knife through butter and win a world's championship. Even Jack London, who knew the boxing game, dreamed of such a boxer: and his prodigy improved matters by almost invariably knocking his man out in the first round.

Of course, these one-round meteors do occur in real life; but their career is generally meteoric. I have seen two or three of them in the last decade. They attack their man furiously, and knock him out in the first round. This happens four or five or six or seven times, until they run up against a man who knows his business: after which their feelings are so badly hurt that, as a rule, we hear no more of them.

Still, the novelist's dream has materialized at least once. There has been at least one boxer of acute intelligence, who took up boxing as a business, brought to it the same ice-cold, scientific calculation that other men apply to law or politics, pursued it with the same inflexible perseverance, patience,

and attention to detail, and became, in due time, heavyweight champion of the world. The name of this prodigy was Gene Tunney; and he completed the unorthodox picture by retiring unbeaten, at the summit of his powers, and before injury could damage his handsome features or impair his faculties.

But that career, rapid and successful though it was, was by no means the uncheckered gallop pictured by novelists. Tunney suffered several reverses. The fight that cost him most dissatisfaction, and made him retire for many months in order to improve himself, was his meeting with Soldier Jones, the Canadian. Jones was an awkward type of boxer, and given to clowning; but, though he lost to Tunney, he made his conqueror look third-rate.

Tunney's decision to aim at Dempsey's championship was made in 1919, two years before the meeting with Soldier Jones. He had a long way to go before he could qualify for a match with the champion. He had trouble with his left hand and, after being allowed to challenge the winner of a fight between Harry Greb and Tommy Gibbons, took a terrible hiding from Greb, who broke his nose and cut his left eye badly in the first round.

Even so, Tunney considered himself lucky not to have met Gibbons, who

*In the Irish Digest, 109 Marlborough St., Dublin, Ireland. April, 1942.

might have ended his career. As it was, he recovered, trained with great care, beat Greb decisively, and refused all provocation to meet Gibbons until he felt that he was ready.

"On June 5, 1925, when Gibbons walked into the ring, he never expected I had had him in a test tube for over three years."

This is not the language of pugilism as we know it; it is the language of the novelist's dream come true. During those three years, he had not only questioned every boxer he could find who had met Gibbons, but engaged as sparring partners two men who had served Gibbons in that capacity.

He had worked out defenses and counters for every blow in Gibbons' repertoire, and made every training run an imaginary battle with Gibbons. As a result, when they took the ring Gibbons was knocked out in the 12th round.

Since Gibbons had lasted the full 15 rounds against Dempsey, this match paved the way for Tunney's shot at the championship. It was not an easy way, and there were many battles in and out of the ring before terms were settled and the fight was on. Almost everyone was confident that the hitter would beat the boxer.

Everyone knew that Tunney could hit hard; but it did not seem possible that Dempsey could be beaten. Up to the last round of the fight, the spectators were waiting for the real Dempsey, the Dempsey they knew, to cut loose and smash his ice-cold opponent.

But the expected outburst of de-

structive fury never came. The fighter is only as good as his opponent will allow him to be. Dempsey, in that first encounter with Gene Tunney, looked no more than a shadow of the man who had annihilated Willard, Carpenter, Firpo, and many others.

What had happened was that his fighting methods had been methodically charted and analyzed, his former sparring partners and opponents had been induced to rehearse his gambits, his feints, his counters, until there was nothing he could do which was not old history to his opponent.

Clear-cut though Tunney's victory was, it did not convince the public. They felt that Dempsey must have been off color and clamored for a return match. They argued that Tunney could only box on the defensive, and dared not "mix it." Tunney therefore determined to prove that he could fight as well as box.

The decision very nearly cost him his title. He tried everything for a knockout, lashing out with his right and missing, while Dempsey, who had learned plenty from the first fight, was cautious and kept out of the way. Still, up to the middle of the seventh round Tunney was well ahead on points. Then he left himself open for an obvious and well-telegraphed left hook to the jaw. Dempsey's chance had come. He sprang in and landed seven savage blows before Tunney fell.

Then came one of the most disputed incidents in boxing history. It had been agreed before the fight that, if either man scored a knockdown, he should

retreat to his corner and wait there during the count. In his excitement, Dempsey forgot this, and stood over his opponent for several seconds until he was persuaded to go back. These seconds were not reckoned in the count, and Tunney therefore had a rest which is variously computed at from 14 to 17 seconds instead of the legal ten.

According to Tunney, he was perfectly conscious, realized quite well what was happening, and used the

time to figure out exactly what he would do when he got up. He takes so objective and detached a view of his whole career, and writes so honestly of his shortcomings and reverses, that there seems no reason to doubt him. In any case, he got up, survived the round, and won the fight.

He appeared only once more, to defeat Heeney, the New Zealander, then retired, leaving the world of pugilism to scratch its head resentfully and be thankful there was only one of him.



Left and Right

Every so often Catholics add a little variety to their devotion by doing a left-knee genuflection. This portside form of exercise is usually featured by fat people who bear toward the left aisle. To the ceremonious Catholic, a southpaw genuflection is a sort of heresy, a shocking bit of church etiquette that calls for heavy censure.

Theologians know that the left knee is closer to the heart than the right and refuse to consider such external *faux pas* as grave matter. But the good folk who get to church on time, those who contribute liberally to the support of their pastors and suppress sneezes when the priest is preaching, are unduly shocked when they witness people bending the left hinge. Frequently these righteous critics point to such people as bordering on church leakage and serving as horrible examples of church deportment.

The faithful who bend their left kneecap instead of their right never bombshell us into jitters. We simply suspect that such parties have rheumatic joints and perforce must favor the right member. If they find it more convenient to drop down on the left knee and thus eliminate some embarrassing bone creaking, it's all right with us. Frankly, it's the right church that counts and not the wrong knee.

From Fore and Aft by Joseph J. Quinn in the Southwest Courier (14 March '42).

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Phobophobia

The Cult of Fear

By C. J. WOOLLEN

Condensed from the *Homiletic and Pastoral Review**

Fear may be defined as the pain of anticipated pain. The presence of fear necessarily implies the hope, however small, of escape from the thing feared; and fear is no longer present when the anticipated pain becomes an actuality. St. Thomas gives the example of those who lose fear at the point of death by execution. But such an example does not of course exclude the possibility of fear being transferred to other anticipated pains; as when the man who is in the dentist's chair, having lost his fear of the forceps, fears now that he may bleed to death.

The effects of fear are so detrimental to mind and body that no pains should be spared to overcome them. "Let not your heart be troubled" is the exhortation of our blessed Lord in His last discourse, and His insistence on the banishing of fear implies that to banish it is by no means easy. It implies also that combating it is essential in the spiritual life, that it must give way to every new step to perfection. The pain of anticipated pain may form a spiritual handicap such as mere pain cannot. It may, uncombed and unsanctified, develop into the negation of the love of God.

The modern cult of fear may be said to consist in the exploitation of the benefits of scientific discoveries for the purpose of instilling fear rather than of bestowing benefits. The large-scale

sense of social insecurity which is the direct result of industrial-capitalism introduces perpetual anxiety into the lives of millions of workers. The uncertainty of future livelihood is, moreover, only the background to a host of other fears. The fear of accidents is by no means a light one in factory life. The appalling daily record of street accidents makes for perpetual strain in travel and anxiety for the safety of children. There is also the constant reminder of the presence of germs and the danger of disease, so that even the common cold has become a frightening specter.

Modern advertising methods serve to perpetuate such fears. Mothers are warned by picture and poster of the danger their children run in not being taught to use some brand or other of soap. Terrifying penalties are threatened if one neglects to use a certain disinfectant for all household purposes. Grim predictions of the coming of influenza are made, with the suggestion that it may be averted by the use thrice daily of some proprietary gargle. There is much play upon altruistic fear, which, because it rouses the protective instinct derived from natural affection, is the more certain of success.

Social services and financial schemes for coping with social insecurity, injury, and disease certainly tend to alle-

* 53 Park Place, New York City, May, 1942.

viate suffering due to the perils inherent in our modern civilization. They may give a measure of peace of mind, but they cannot remove the painful anticipation of the perils themselves. Moreover, financial schemes for protection have a way of advertising themselves so as to fill the mind with the possibility of a hundred and one perils which beset everyone. And the fear they instill is not the comparatively healthy fear of expected events, but the futile fear of something that will probably never happen. It is, moreover, never done with, but is always being transferred to some new object.

Who are the promoters of this cult of fear, who the adepts in its mysteries? We cannot accuse those who warn us of daily dangers, or who seek to protect us against them. For the irony of it all is that the dangers they warn us against are very real, as is the insecurity on which they harp. The remedies they offer are good, even though experience often proves that they are not always as efficacious as they purport to be. The evil lies chiefly in the system which directs men's minds to regard natural evils as the ultimate evil. This system is nothing else but a deadly Manicheism which has gradually invaded popular thought, and which, undetected, has been slowly poisoning the atmosphere of civilization ever since the Reformation and its resultant philosophy began to lead to the study of the natural at the expense of the supernatural.

The so-called scientific outlook has not only put a false emphasis on natur-

al evils; it tends also to mistake natural remedies for ultimate remedies. It has forgotten that the natural must be subordinated to the supernatural, and has in consequence substituted natural fears for the fear of God. It takes no account of Original Sin, which, because it is the original cause of human pain, is also the original cause of fear. It takes no account of asceticism, whose purpose is to use pain for its proper purpose of restoring the balance which sin has disturbed.

It must not be forgotten that fear is a self-regarding emotion. Properly it is protective, but it is liable to focus the attention on personal interests to the exclusion of any other. That is not to say that fear may not be aroused on behalf of others; but insofar as the interests of those others form part of personal interests, fear may still be said to be self-regarding. It needs for its sanctification, and consequent moderating, a compensating asceticism to which the system that inculcates it is entirely opposed.

How directly opposed is the modern cult of fear to the "Fear not" of the Gospels! The fear that our Lord inculcates is the holy fear that dreads His punishments or fears to offend Him.

The cult of fear has reached its height in modern warfare. The threat, day after day, week after week, month after month, year after year, of terrors to come; the continual droning of bombers and fighters overhead, even before the declaration of war; the menace of secret weapons and unknown horrors; the constant laboring to pro-

duce more and more fear and continued apprehension—each is part of the cult whose diabolic origin few question who believe there are powers of darkness. Not that the instruments of war are themselves evil (that would be Manicheism) but that the whole plan of universal destruction has a diabolical inspiration. And the persecution of the Church which goes with the campaign of destruction denotes that hatred is the necessary accompaniment of fear promotion.

An extreme manifestation of the cult of fear is in the encouraging of the fear of panic: the keeping alive of fear of fears to come, even when there is no immediate anticipation of them. Statesmen warn those to whom they have a responsibility to provide against fear itself; and in doing so they perpetuate it. It may be argued, again rightly, that the intention is exactly the

opposite; that the warnings are given so that the fear of future mass fear may be allayed by provision against threatened evils. But both experience and common sense show that, in a vast campaign of destruction such as the present, no sooner is one object of fear minimized in the imagination than another makes its appearance.

Happily, this feature of the cult of fear in its extreme form indicates that it contains the seeds of its own destruction. For the fear of unending fear must lead by its own protective nature to a universal determination to eradicate the cult that promotes it. In this there is hope which is not without strict theological sanction. For the appalling world agony inflicted under a weight of fear must be a counterbalance against the crimes that caused it; and the restoration of balance must issue in a new era of tranquillity.



On many a Jesuit dinner table stands a coffee cup of the type that might well be used for a projectile. Father Blakely said that after drinking out of such unbreakable cups for seven youthful years, he went out to dinner in a house offering ordinary china—and bit through the cup.

Recently the buyer for one of the Jesuit houses went to a china wholesaler, and, not mentioning where the cups were to be used, described what he wanted.

"You'll have to wait until we order those," the dealer said. "We don't carry them in stock. They are only used at the jail, the insane asylum, and by the Jesuits."

From *Along the Way* (N.C.W.C.) by Daniel A. Lord, S. J. (18 April '42).

San Miguel on the James

By W. W. THOMAS

Condensed from the *Catholic Virginian**

Before the Mayflower was a bud

Every American schoolboy has heard of Jamestown, the first English settlement in the New World, with its romantic legend of Pocahontas and Captain John Smith, with its stirring memories of the first representative assembly held in America. But not every American scholar has heard of San Miguel, the transitory Spanish village on what is now the James river, where in all probability the Sacrifice of the Mass was offered for the first time within the present boundaries of the continental U.S.

Woodrow Wilson, however, had heard of San Miguel. For in the first volume of his *History of the American People*, telling of the coming of the English to Jamestown in 1607, he remarks: "Eighty years before there had been Spaniards upon that very spot. They had built houses there, and had planned to keep a lasting colony. In 1526 Vasquez de Ayllon had led a great colony out of Santo Domingo to this very place, no fewer than 500 persons, men and women, with priests to care for their souls and to preach the Gospel to the savages. But discord, fever, and death had speedily put an end to the venture. Scarcely 150 of the luckless settlers survived to reach Santo Domingo again; and when the English put ashore where a tongue of low and fertile land was thrust invitingly

into the stream, no trace remained to tell the tragic story."

This story of the Spanish colony on the James, which Mr. Wilson sets down, was first put on a sound historical footing by the earliest and greatest historian of the Church in the U.S., John Gilmary Shea.

In his *Catholic Church in Colonial Days*, published in 1886, Shea rewrote from documents the account of Ayllon's expedition.

Don Lucas Vasquez de Ayllon was a judge in Santo Domingo who, stirred by the adventurous spirit of the time, desired to find and colonize new lands. Being a person of wealth, he was able, with the permission of the authorities, to send out a ship, in 1520, to explore the coast to the north of present-day Florida. The commander, Francisco Gordillo, saw fit to disobey Ayllon's injunctions as to friendly conduct toward the natives, and when he had reached the mainland coast, associated himself with the captain of another vessel in carrying off a number of Indians as slaves. On Gordillo's return home, Ayllon wrathfully condemned his representative's act, and set free such of the Indians as fell under his own control.

The scandalous outcome of Gordillo's preliminary expedition determined Don Lucas to lead his next venture in

* 811 Floyd Ave., Richmond, Va. May, 1942.

person. He went to Spain and there obtained, in 1523, a royal commission to establish a colony on the coast of that vast territory which the Spaniards vaguely called Florida. The commission was emphatic on the point that in his new land Ayllon was to treat the natives with due kindness, and use all efforts to draw them to Christianity.

After lengthy and vexatious delays, Ayllon was at last able to set out. Early in the summer of 1526 his little squadron (the exact number of vessels is unknown) left the harbor of La Plata in Hispaniola, bearing some 600 men and women, numerous horses and abundant supplies. After much tacking in and out off the coast, but keeping a general northerly course, the expedition entered Chesapeake Bay and landed on that bank of the James where 81 years later the English founded Jamestown. And as this event took place on St. Michael's day (Sept. 29), the new settlement was given the name, San Miguel.

For a space all went well enough. The natives were friendly. Buildings were erected, of which one was a chapel dedicated to St. Michael, where the two priests said Mass—and so was built the first house of God within the present U. S., and so was offered, for the first time, in that same territory, the Sacrifice of the Mass.

Disaster was close at hand. An epidemic fever broke out among the settlers, and—an irreparable loss—Ayllon himself died of it on Oct. 18. The winter that followed was bitterly cold, sick-

ness continued, food ran short, and—as if to fill up the measure of misfortune—dissentions broke out among the colonists. Francisco Gomez, who succeeded Ayllon as head of the settlement, may have been inefficient. He was certainly unpopular, so much so that a rebel faction put him under restraint. The rebels then, as a final act of folly, went on to ill-treat the neighboring Indians in such fashion as to incur their active hostility. The excesses of the rebellious party finally brought about their overthrow and the release of Gomez. But it was too late. The colony of San Miguel had to be abandoned. A little over a half year from their first landing on the James, the wretched remnant of the settlers sailed for Santo Domingo. One of their ships was lost at sea, and only about 150 of the colonists, including Father de Montesinos and one, perhaps both, of his Dominican confreres, reached Santo Domingo alive.

In 1609 the Spanish authorities at St. Augustine heard reports that the English were intruding into the Florida domains of the Spanish crown. Ecija, grand pilot of Florida, was sent north to spy out the doing of the newcomers. He came back to report the English settlement at Jamestown, on a spot which he identified with the site of the abandoned San Miguel. Shea says of Ecija's evidence: "Writing only 83 years after Ayllon's voyage, and by his office being in possession of Spanish charts of the coast, his statement is conclusive."

The Living Buddha

By JEAN DESAUTELS, S.J.

Pagan without guile

Condensed from *Jesuit Missions**

Lamaism is a strange form of belief. Growing out of pure Buddhism, it has, through a process of accretion, taken on certain magic practices which give it distinct individuality.

To the western mind one of the strangest aspects of Lamaism is the practice of singling out certain exceptional monks, who are dignified with the title of Living Buddha. Many people have heard of the two most noted of Living Buddhas, the Dalai Lama and the Tashi Lama. Actually there are a great number of so-called Living Buddhas. As a matter of fact, every individual may become a Buddha. Everyone who makes a vow to attain Buddhahood is repeatedly reborn in order to teach others. This rebirth in some child born at the hour of the Buddha's death gives to the boy, selected by precise rites, the title of Living Buddha. While in Peking I had the pleasure of meeting one of these men.

At the time of the famous "Chinese incident" (Japan's first attack on China), the Living Buddha residing in Peking took refuge somewhere in China's vast interior. The vacancy simply had to be filled. His disciples wrote to the Great Living Buddha of Kansu, to ask if he would condescend to come and fill the empty post in person. He came, and with him a dozen or so of his Mongolian and Tibetan subjects.

It was this Buddha I went to see. I went with a Hungarian, our self-appointed official photographer, and a Uruguayan who as promoter of the delegation had commandeered my services as interpreter. Quite a trio to set out to pay respects to the great Tu Kuan Hu Tu K'o T'u, the Living Buddha.

Standing before the front door, we found a young bonze dressed in the long reddish-brown garb of a lama. In the politest manner I could manage I informed him that we were a special delegation come to visit the Great Living Buddha, and I asked him if his honorable person would be able to spare a few of his precious leisure moments to discuss matters of religion with us.

On request we presented our cards which quite clearly showed that we represented Canada, Hungary and Uruguay. Tickled at the arrival of such a delegation, our bonze introduced us into the outer court of his master's house and asked us to wait while he would see if the Living Buddha was receiving.

When he came back, we knew from his smile that we would be received. He led us into a larger inner courtyard, that ran from east to west and was flanked on each side by large well-lighted rooms. From one there emerg-

ed a large well-built man of about 40, dressed in a surprisingly agreeable Chinese robe of brown English serge. He greeted us with a profound bow, which we returned, and in a Chinese that betrayed his Tibetan origin, he invited us to enter his room. After politely declining with the appropriate words and gestures to be the first to enter, and protesting our unworthiness, we proceeded into a quiet, clean and religiously decorated chamber that served as bedroom, office and parlor. At his invitation, we sat down in arm-chairs. A little bonze served us with tea and we started to talk.

Right from the beginning our host quite disarmed us by his candor and simplicity: we had expected a haughty and distant bonze who took himself very seriously. He talked like a gentleman, without any embarrassment, giving straightforward answers to the naive and often awkward questions which my Uruguayan friend made me ask: in fact, I had been given a whole series of questions with which to bombard the Buddha to get material for a learned and thoroughly documented article. To this examination our good host replied calmly and smilingly.

He told us simply the story of his discovery. When the Living Buddha in his country died, he himself was six or seven years old. The monks soon proceeded to scour the neighborhood in search of some chosen youngster in whom the divinity had sought refuge. First they gathered together all the more promising children, especially

those whose ear lobes were longer than the average. A Buddha must have long ear lobes; it is a distinctive mark, and our friend had very long ones.

Once the children were in the temple they were taken in turn to the living quarters of the deceased Buddha. There they were watched to see which one seemed most at home. There was no hesitation on the part of one boy; he used objects belonging to the old bonze as though he had done so all his life. This, then, must be the Living Buddha, the reincarnation they were looking for. The boy was taken away from his father's farm and placed in the lama's school in order that he might be prepared for his great tasks of prayer and healing.

When I asked him if he really had the power of healing, he smiled and replied quite frankly, "Why, I have never cured anybody or brought anyone back to life. When I'm called to a sick person, I gladly go because that pleases the patients. Sometimes the patient recovers, sometimes he doesn't, but in any case, I have nothing to do with it."

When we asked to take his photograph he didn't fight shy. Indeed, on suggesting he move into better light he agreed and came and sat in my chair, had another chair brought for me and insisted I sit beside him.

In this fashion our pleasant visit came to an end. I had never expected to find so charming a man holding down such an awe-inspiring position. Truly here was a man without guile.

The Twin Soul of Spain

By HILAIRE BELLOC

Condensed from a book*

The glory fools have blasphemed

In societies, as in individuals, there is not only some diversity of will, but some duality of nature. It is foolish, and typical of a modern foolishness, to call that business "double personality"; it is so abnormal as to be out of the picture. On the contrary, it is this duality of will or of character within the unity which the word "person" connotes that is the essence of the problem. In its simplest form there is the common struggle within the same soul between the good and the evil will, of which the individual mind is fully conscious. But the thing ramifies into much more than that. It applies, I say, to whole societies, even more than to individuals, for in the dimensions and dynamic powers of a great society there is more room for such conflict. It is particularly noticeable of the great main national tempers into which Christendom has fallen in the process of its development, and especially since the disruption of our common religion, 300 to 400 years ago.

Now, among the Spaniards this contrast *within* the national soul shows itself in a fashion which has often been labeled a contrast between the ascetic and the sensual. Such a label is not well found. The contrast is of another and more profound kind, by far, than the common conflict between appetite and discipline. It is rather a contrast of two

twin intensities: two intensities of apprehension and of desire: two visions; the one a vision of what can be gained through beatitude, the other of what can be gained immediately, not only through the senses, but through all the faculties of man. It is a contrast between the vision of something distant, ardently expected and confidently so, and the vision of a satisfaction here and now—including the satisfaction of revenge.

It is as though there were two souls in Spain, and yet clearly there is but one soul, though it is a soul torn in opposite directions and liable to fall through the excess of its action to one camp or the other in the two main divisions of spiritual activity which ultimately become the Good and the Evil.

Spain is the very native land of carnage and of the saints. Of those who martyrize and those who are martyred. That is, of those who fail in the main task of the Christian virtues and of those who mightily succeed. Men speaking of their own country, writing books upon their own country, in the idiom of Castile, have given these books titles which sufficiently exemplify what I mean. One of the most notable of these titles was drawn from the arena of the bull ring, *Blood and Sand*, and, let it be observed, chiefly, beyond all other characteristics of the Spanish

**Places*. 1941. Sheed & Ward, New York City. 239 pp. \$3.

spiritual intensity, that it is thus always on the level of high combat. It is never base; it never sinks to material things. It flames on either side of the barrier. This inner conflict of Spain is in the individual soul and within all her society. It is a conflict of things at white heat on either side.

What cause shall we discover for this strange degree of contrast, sharper and more effective, proceeding to greater extremes than in any other blood?

It has been ascribed by not a few to that evident outward contrast between the tremendous bare plains of the Peninsula, vast surfaces of open land as dark as iron or as a stormy sky (and on either edge of such an arena of utter desolation, desolate mountains, craggy against the northern and southern sky): it has been ascribed, I say, to the contrast between these steppes, burning in their brief summer, icy under the winter winds, the Garden, as the Spaniards themselves call it, which skirts the Mediterranean, and lies beneath the highlands all around, caressed by warmer winds, the place of fruits and of music and palaces made for pleasure, guarded by the snows that enhance the beauty of such scenes and their amenities. But though that physical contrast (which is the note of the Spanish landscape and which any who have experienced it must remember all their lives) is a good symbol and perhaps a condition of that double character whereof I here debate, it is not the cause. Nothing material is the cause of things so deeply rooted in the very core of being.

The cause has been sought in history. The Spaniard, we are told, was first battered and annealed and raised up again by the conquest of the Roman armies. He was next further forged, annealed and constructed by the great assault of Islam. He was further granted an experience which, for its violence and its duration, was unique in Europe, the Reconquest: the gradual pushing back of that spiritual invasion and the triumph of the faith, even in the last Moslem strongholds of the Southeast. Such a history has undoubtedly done much to make Spain what it is, to give the Spanish character its hardness and its edge, to make it a sword and to give it a sword, yet it is not enough to account for the thing we see; for the thing we see at work even now and here before us is the hardly human struggle between those who would have destroyed the Christian past and those who are, please God, recovering it as we see them recovering it.

No, I think the cause is rather to be sought in this: there permanently lives a Spanish fierce intensity, a thing long anterior to the Roman conquest, anterior to the coming of the Christ, anterior to the shrines and the Crusades. There was a certain material, charged at a certain high voltage, ready there to react against any external influence: that material was Spain. There fell upon the men who had done things beyond the power of men in other lands the influence of the Catholic faith.

Now that influence is everywhere

one; but the material upon which it works is diverse with climate, with physical experience, with race, with historical accident. Under so powerful an influence (it is the most powerful known to men and has proved the most enduring and the most creative; it is the only one not mortal), the Spanish temper was prepared for the dualism of which I speak; just as their sun which scorches the empty plains and cracks their rocks, shines with an intense action in the intensely cold sky of winter above those high places, just as the same physical source of energy makes the contrast of frost and fire, so within the mind of Spain there has appeared under the flame of the faith every potentiality for plus and minus

in every scale. For torture and for heroism under torture, for revenge and for heroic forgiveness, for isolation accepted and for communal work, for exaggerated violence under arms and in popular furies. When such fires of division (which are also fires of creation) are at work, the fruits thereof are of a quality consonant to that which bred them: mighty fruits of evil and of sanctity.

Hence, I think, the picture that has been presented to us in the last few years. Hence the drama, partly of misunderstanding, partly of exalted determination, partly of hatred, partly of devotion, which has been played out, and the glory of it; the glory fools have blasphemed.



Prediction

Other difficulties I see not, which may be objected against the airship, besides one which to me seems greater than all the rest: that it may be thought that God will never suffer this Invention to take effect, because of the many consequences which may disturb the Civil Government of men. For who sees not, that no City can be secure against attack, since our Ship may at any time be placed directly over it, and descending down may discharge Soldiers. The same would happen to private Houses, and Ships on the Sea; for our Ship, descending out of the Air to the sails of Sea-ships, may cut their Ropes; yea without descending by casting Grapples it may overset them, kill their men, burn their Ships by artificial Fireworks and Fireballs. And this they may do not only to Ships but to great Buildings, Castles, Cities, with such security that they, who cast these things down from a height out of Gunshot, cannot on the other side be offended by those below.

Father Francesco Lana (1631-1687) quoted in *School Science and Mathematics* (March '42).

Tough times ahead

The Azores

By JOSEPH WECHSBERG

Condensed from *Travel**

In his radio speech of May 27, 1941, President Roosevelt declared that the Azores as well as Iceland, Greenland and the Cape Verde Islands were of such strategic importance to the U. S. that their occupation by the Axis group would "endanger the freedom of the Atlantic and our own American physical safety." And in another speech he said, "You and I think of Hawaii as an outpost of defense in the Pacific. And yet the Azores are closer to our shores on the Atlantic than Hawaii is on the other side."

Thus the Azores, together with many one-time obscure places, are given prominence in front-page headlines. That prominence generally indicates trouble, and the Azoreans now have plenty of it. For centuries they were forgotten people on forgotten islands. Life on the Azores until recently was marked by blissful ignorance. Newspapers from Portugal, 800 miles away, reached the Azores three weeks late. A few Englishmen spent the winter on Fayal or São Miguel because life there was cheaper than on Madeira; other visitors were painters, eccentrics with a flair for the unusual, misanthropes and sages without money. On the Azores you could rent a spacious house with a garden and an old park for as little as \$100 a year. Food was practically given away. There were all

tropical fruits, excellent wine, fresh vegetables in January and a mild climate with only 11° difference between summer and winter. It was a paradise if there ever was one.

The Azores (the Portuguese word *Acões* refers to the hawks seen there in former centuries) are also called the Western Islands.

They are an archipelago of midocean islands, forming three widely separated groups, rising two and a half miles from the floor of the ocean. There is a southeastern group (São Miguel, Santa Maria, Formigas), a central group (Fayal, Pico, São Jorge, Terceira, Graciosa), and a third group in the northwest consisting of Flores and Corvo. The islands cover a total area of 922 square miles with a population of 250,000. Between the most westerly island of Flores and Santa Maria in the extreme east there are 400 miles of water. The archipelago is of volcanic origin; earthquakes and subterranean activities are frequent.

The Azores are a painter's paradise. The pastel shades of the houses, the steep, winding roads with their glimpses of the ocean, creaking oxcarts loaded with fruits and flowers, wide parks with strange collections of trees—poplars, elms, oaks, tropical palms—and the noble architecture of the ancient houses, create a magnificent panorama

of picturesque sights. But everywhere there reigns a strange quiet, the quiet that follows a great, eventful past.

Under Philip II and afterwards, the Azores were the rendezvous for the Spanish and Portuguese treasure armadas which brought gold from the Indies. The treasure hunters spent freely, and there was quite a bonanza on the Flemish Islands, as they called the Azores. Many of the large mansions, the ornate dwellings and monasteries were built in those days of wealth, and their air of faded-out romance gives a melancholy impression. In Santa Maria, the southernmost of the islands, one can still visit the little church where in 1493 Christopher Columbus and his crew on their return from America came to pray. The roof and the stucco walls have been repaired since then but there is still the forlorn atmosphere of a great past.

Everywhere in the Azores one finds past and present side by side. As we admired the iron gate of an old *palacio*, we were greeted by an elderly native in the language of the Down Easters which was spoken by the New England fishermen 50 years ago. It sounded preposterous.

"I have been in New England," he explained. "Every third Azorean has been there for some time. As long as I can remember, New England whalers have come to Fayal and hired helpers from the ranks of our fishermen." Many of them remained in the U. S. In New Bedford, Mass., there live about 20,000 people who have come from the Azores.

The New England whalers did a good job. They became friendly with the Azoreans. Thanks to the whalers, the people of the Azores are now ardently pro-American. We met an old woman on the remote island of Corvo, the most interesting of the Azores, where they have no policemen, no jail, no alcohol, no money, no detailed knowledge of the outside world. It turned out that she had heard about the Germans and that they wanted to come to Corvo, though she wasn't quite sure about them.

She shook her head. "They won't dare," she said positively. "I have a nephew in America, in the town of Illinois. He wrote that Americans are not going to allow anybody to come to this island." She seemed quite happy and relieved.

The comparatively better-known islands among the Azores are Fayal and São Miguel. Fayal is proud of Horta and the clippers; São Miguel features hot springs, beautiful excursions, the best roads in the archipelago and its chief town, Ponta Delgada, with beautiful sidewalks of Portuguese mosaic and various scenic spots. Everywhere on Fayal and São Miguel there are billboards with whisky and cigarette ads, signs reading "Better Kodak Finishing," tearooms and other bad symptoms of growing internationalism. If you are out for genuine native life you have to go to the little-known, out-of-the-way islands of Terceira, Flores and Corvo. There the old customs have been preserved; people still dance the *landoon*, the island dance of former

days, similar to the Spanish bolero; they sing to the viola, play rustic games and speak Portuguese in a curious singsong.

Should the Azores ever be discovered for the benefit of tourists, the prospectus will say, "The best time to visit the Azores is between Ascension and Pentecost"; it is then that people celebrate the biggest and most important festival, *fiesta do Espírito Santo*, the feast of the Holy Ghost. The Azoreans are deeply religious people, and in the small villages the local priests have great authority. The Azores are part of the ecclesiastical province of Lisbon.

The main event of the festival is a colorful procession of men, women and children, wearing beautiful garlands of flowers, led by the *imperador* (emperor) a man chosen by the village. He is followed by the *folioes*, masters of ceremonies. Musicians in black-and-white checked shirts make a lot of noise. As the procession moves on through the streets of the small town, there is laughter and gaiety and singing everywhere. The *folioes* are clad in long coats of red and gold and have yellow bandanas on their heads.

Though life goes on pretty much the same on the Azores, times have changed, and today there are problems of a very serious nature. The Azores have no oil, no rubber nor any of those vital commodities for which modern wars are being fought, but unfortunately the islands lie at a pivotal position in the eastern part of the Atlantic. A naval force, armed with ships and long-range planes, could control from

here the approaches to the Mediterranean, Gibraltar and Dakar as well as those to Newfoundland, 1,400 miles away. Another strategic archipelago belonging to Portugal is the Cape Verde Islands, 800 miles from Dakar, athwart a straight line from Dakar to the Panama canal; but the Cape Verde Islands have poorer harbor facilities than the Azores.

The strategic importance of their islands puts the Portuguese on a spot. They know that the Germans would like to gain control of the Azores, either by direct attack or through some sort of agreement; and they remember very precisely President Roosevelt's warning. The Portuguese think that "strictest neutrality" is the only possible attitude. Consequently they have declared that "no one will get the Azores without a fight." In peacetime there were only two line regiments of infantry and two battalions of garrison artillery on the islands. In recent months several troop transports have gone to the Azores and news pictures have shown, rather conspicuously, Portugal's Strong Man, Dr. Oliveira Salazar, "inspecting troops about to embark for the Azores."

This is obviously an empty gesture. The Azores cannot be defended against superior air and naval forces by Portugal's feeble army, and Portugal has no ships and no planes. There are only two breakwater-protected harbors in the Azores which can be used for seaplanes; Horta and Ponta Delgada, where the American seaplane NC4, the first aircraft to fly from America to

Europe, landed on May 20, 1919.

In 1917-18 Ponta Delgada was a headquarters of the American Atlantic fleet. Portugal then was one of the Allies, and the U. S. had bases in the Azores by friendly agreement. This time Portugal is not an ally but one of the last independent states on the European continent under heavy pressure from Germany. Yet President Roosevelt told the world the fundamental strategic doctrine for this war when

he said, "If the Axis powers fail to gain control of the seas, they are certainly defeated." In other words, Germany must be driven from the seas as well as denied strategic sea bases, such as Dakar, the Azores, the Cape Verde Islands, Iceland, Greenland or Martinique. Some of them have already been occupied by American forces. As to the others. . . .

It looks as if tough times were ahead for the Azores.



Flights of Fancy

Hitler now has a new Laval-ier.—*Colleen Ward.*

Deep-set little lakes full of melted sky.—*Edison Marshall.*

Don't wait for a hearse to take you to church.—*Charles Archbold.*

An icicle is a drip that has been caught in the draft.—*St. Mary's Taper.*

She is suffering from a severe case of intellectual hookworm.—*F. J. Brennan.*

The bright, sunny morning fell on us like an armful of flowers.—*Robert Nathan.*

Frail as a white-haired dandelion, ready to go with the first wind.—*Helen Magaret.*

It was a world that put In God We Trust on its pennies, but put its trust in the pennies.—*Milton Mayer.*

When day breaks use the pieces.—*A Trappist monk.*

She decided he was not worth her wife.—*J. F. Szlosek, S.S.J.*

No more poise than someone being tickled.—*M. Eleanor Fennessy.*

He yodeled his food down with a cup of coffee.—*Mrs. S. M. Chavez.*

She belonged to one of those fine old families of extinction.—*Marcelene Cox.*

The faintest of foggy mists goose-pimpled itself on the windshield.—*H. L. Barth.*

Time, the careless laundryman, shrinks many of our ideals.—*Bess Streeter Aldrich.*

A great number of the sins of the younger generation are committed in the imagination of the older generation.—*Eleanor Dunn.*

[Readers are invited to submit figures of speech and other well-turned phrases similar to those above. We will pay upon publication \$1 to the first contributor of each one used. Exact source must be given. Contributions cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]

Religion in Newspapers

In darkest New York

By ARTHUR O'LEARY

Condensed from the *Ecclesiastical Review**

The testing ground was the rural deanery of the archdiocese of New York, made up of the counties of Orange and Rockland. This proving ground is about 45 by 25 miles in area with a population of 215,000, about one quarter of whom live in cities of which the largest has 32,000 people. The remainder are in villages and on farms. One of the two counties has no city. Catholics are outnumbered seven to one; in this area in 1928 were staged the largest Ku Klux gatherings in New York State.

There are five daily newspapers in the deanery area, reaching about 50,000 homes. On the Saturday church page of most of these papers in 1934 was a Protestant Sunday-school lesson or other religious article, but seldom anything Catholic except items of social interest. As far as doctrine was concerned Catholic influence in the secular press of the deanery was little or nothing.

In 1933 was organized the Catholic Laymen's League of Orange and Rockland Counties. The late Cardinal Hayes duly commissioned the league to make the Church known through the press. It became my privilege to organize this program. After a survey I began to consider a Catholic feature to be published free in the local papers.

I knew that our only chance was

with material that would win its own way alongside that of the Protestant writers who had the field all to themselves. I thought that the clerical style and pulpit approach of the zealous ministers might make a place for a Catholic column if it contained articles that were not earmarked with the training and learning for which our clergy are deservedly distinguished. But where find such officially approved Catholic material written by laymen?

When I happened to read one of the now famous Narberth articles I knew that I had found precisely what I sought. Retired from his years of writing commercial advertising, Karl H. Rogers of Narberth, Pa., under ecclesiastical authority, had been giving all of his time to writing and distributing little articles calculated to lessen the common misunderstandings of Catholic doctrine and practice.[†] In 1929 he began to mail one each month to his own non-Catholic neighbors. His work spread rapidly. When in 1934 I wrote to him about having his articles published weekly at the expense of the newspapers, he put me in touch with a West Virginia group that had just started that very program.[‡]

It is seven years since I approached my first editor. When he read a few of

[†]CATHOLIC DIGEST, Jan. '40, pp. 72-73.

[‡]Ibid., Aug. '41, pp. 17-19.

Mr. Rogers' writings he was impressed. When I showed him a Parkersburg, W. Va., newspaper with its attractive *Catholic Information* setup he agreed to publish ten of the articles. Their intriguing appeal, their arresting headings, disarming tone and sparkling style caused the editor to want more. Within a few months our weekly Catholic box was reaching 100,000 readers through all the five daily newspapers in the two counties. We are now in our eighth year with the newspapers. We have lost no ground. We have become old and valued contributors.

Other groups can show more activity, more newspapers and more readers. Because we started earlier, we had to face the serious situation presented when, after about two years, our weekly columns caught up with the monthly Narberth releases. The necessity of running weekly columns forced us to depend on home resources for our articles. First we took up Catholic education.

We had fruitful results in 1938 in the one-year series on Catholic schools that immediately preceded the articles on the Mass. We won editorial support by our expositions of the unfair double financial burden on us who support our own schools; why we do it and why we should have tax-paid transportation and textbooks for pupils of Catholic schools. On the state vote at that time on the school-bus constitutional amendment we won in the two counties in which our columns appeared, while four of the surrounding rural counties (where the articles had

not been published) voted down our bishops' propositions with decisive pluralities. Last year Catholics were unsuccessful in six out of seven states in attempting to get legislation in favor of the released-time method for giving religious instruction to children in the tax-supported schools. In only nine states is there any statutory authority for such a program. The official figures show that of the 26 million children in the nation's public schools, only about 1 in 160 is receiving such religious instruction. Following up two years of the Narberth articles with our one-year series on Catholic education may solve these vexatious school problems in every state.

Then came our articles on the Mass. The first year was a grand adventure. I almost got used to holding my breath waiting for the bad news that never came. With the second year went all doubts of practicability. Now we have completed the third and are in the fourth year on the Mass. Perhaps the sacraments can be popularized in like manner, if we can bring out the Church's own instructive expositions through the official ancient prayers of the liturgy that so few of us have ever heard or read in our own tongue.

Some prayers of the Mass are peculiarly appropriate to secular religious columns. We quoted them and let them speak for themselves in all their simplicity and beauty. We indicated their source and their antiquity, or otherwise tied them in with the Church of more than 1,000 years ago. I often wonder whether Catholic read-

ers catch the significance of non-Catholic publishers setting up and printing the Mass prayers because of their modern news value. And this at their own expense and in non-Catholic communities!

Under the words *Catholic Information* in large black type, the 350-word articles are set up invitingly in a box, and given a prominent position on the weekly Church page. The particular topic is indicated by subheadings.

These articles are signed with the name of the sponsoring organization. We also print our post-office box number; this gives a local impression and prompts inquiries. The arrangement by which the newspapers turn over all letters enables me to write on behalf of the paper as well as of our group and thus create good will for both. The far-distant places from which inquiries come from former residents, faithful readers of the home-town paper in other states, is astonishing. The Catholic inquiries are encouraging; the non-Catholic letters, amazing.

Recalling our concern and that of the editors six or seven years ago, that we publish nothing controversial or offensive to Protestants, imagine my surprise (after the Mass had been the topic for two years) at receiving from the writer of a Protestant column a request that I cooperate with his group in convincing Protestant editors that his articles were not offensive to Catholics! One publisher, not a Catholic, said our articles have given his paper an elevated tone that helped to offset some "news" it had to print. Another

non-Catholic editor wrote me not to be discouraged because no Catholic in his community had written to him in favor of the articles, because he had Protestant friends who were reading them with interest and he would ask them to write me to that effect. The ministers' association of one county (in which there were over 80 Protestant ministers) in its weekly religious box advised its friends to read our Catholic articles appearing in the county daily next to the ministers' messages. A non-Catholic editor who started a Protestant column wrote that our articles were being so well received that, apparently, the local ministers decided they would print religious messages for their people.

There have been many such evidences of increased press activity by Protestant groups—none of it controversial, most of it helpful—in provoking interest in religion and in the weekly religious columns. Two ministers, both well known locally, wrote confidentially, commanding us for our Catholic column. We discovered two curious things. In trying to stir up Catholics to send letters to the papers it appeared that, where Catholics were more numerous, there was no response to our repeated appeals; but in the country sections where Catholics were comparatively few, the cooperation was very good. In the case of some of the weeklies, we met editors who were said to be Catholic; from them, generally speaking, we received little or no cooperation!

From these modest early efforts, go-

ing back seven or eight years, this newspaper movement, through Narberth and Mr. Rogers, has now expanded from one state to 37; from one diocese to 78; from a few newspapers to 365; from reaching 25,000 homes in 1934 to entering more than 2½ million in 1941. The 208 articles that have received the imprimatur of the archbishop of New York (52 on Catholic education, 156 on the Mass) are now being published in 11 states in all parts of the country. There is the practical problem of making and distributing copies of our articles for the use and convenience of other groups who are publishing the last of the 102 Narberth releases. This is being taken care of.

Pioneer work and experiments are over. There is available a six-year supply of approved, published, tested material, with the first three years of it now printed in pads for convenience in tearing off and mailing to the newspapers. Difficulty in securing newspaper allies disappeared years ago. This movement is, long since, a going concern. Once the contacts are made, the only need is the enlistment of greater numbers of disciplined Catholics willing to give the few minutes required each week to send the releases to the newspapers. There really isn't any reason why a permanent weekly Catholic service should not be established in the secular press in every diocese.



Inside John Gunther

For the information of the North American public, the reporter Gunther, whom White Burnett does not scruple to call "historian," has accomplished the worst possible work with this deplorable book of his [*Inside Latin America*].

As an observer, he is disastrous and iniquitous. He studies things very little, and ill knows the diverse matters into which he petulantly intrudes.

It would be too wearisome a task to enumerate all his errors and confusions, and the lies which he holds and spreads. It is almost impossible to find a single page in which he does not sin against the truth.

The rest is nothing more than a mountain of exaggerations, laughable at times because of their very monstrosity, and at others vicious because of their tendencies and evil intention. His countrymen assure us that the book will sell at least 3 million copies, a figure labeled "wonderful," to overwhelm us, poor ignorant Spanish-Americans that we are.

José de la Riva-Agüero in the *Revista de la Universidad Católica del Perú*
(Nov.-Dec. '41) quoted in *America* (9 May '42).

The Church, Democracy and the War

Coin of tribute examined

By RAOUL DESVERNINE

Condensed from the *Catholic Mind**

Democracy is not simply a technical form of governing; it is tied up with the ultimate destiny of man and of human society. It is a means subservient to these ends. Democracy is essentially a spiritual conviction, a political and social philosophy, a way of life. Being a way of life, it must be as dynamic and diversified as life itself.

Many forms of democracy were known to the founders of our government, each form patterned to carry out a different way of life; but they selected the one which they considered the best adapted to carry out their particular political philosophy, and they had a clearly defined plan of life and rather concrete ideas of their destiny. They did not attempt to set up "a new order of society"; they simply erected a governmental machine postulated on the Christian way of life, which was the norm of western European civilization of which they were a part.

They subscribed to the Christian concept of man as a person, which they considered the cornerstone of their political faith, and indelibly wrote that concept into our organic law, and set up a scheme of government designed to give full political expression to that concept.

Our Founding Fathers acknowledged the existence and efficacy of "the laws of nature and of nature's God."

They believed in a personal God, in a divinely created and ordered universe, in the supernatural nature of man, and that all essential human rights spring from God.

The Declaration of Independence, which proclaims these principles and postulates our government on them, may be called the creed of Americanism; the catechism of our political faith.

Our Constitution gave political expression to this faith and our courts have followed it in construing and applying the processes of our institutions. Our civil rights, those specifically enumerated in our Bill of Rights, have no sanction or justification except in relation to this concept of man. It can be truthfully said that all of the rights guaranteed to us by our Constitution have their origin and are derived not so much from law as from our own human nature and personal dignity.

Our Founding Fathers also read the Christian doctrine of society into our organic law. They wrote that governments derive "their just powers from the consent of the governed." Christian philosophy teaches that man is by nature a social being; that is to say, he is impelled to live in society because of a natural need, fitness and inclination; and that the state is, therefore, a natural institution. It is a tenet of Scholastic

philosophy that the authority of the state is derived ultimately from God through the people.

Our whole idea of government is determined by our idea of man; and what we get in government depends upon what we want *out* of government. It is as simple as that.

These postulates of our democracy found their root-source in Christian philosophy at a time when all Christians were Catholics. These postulates of the divine rights of man are the Catholic contribution to the political philosophy of western European civilization.

Having thus defined the substance, the fundamental hypothesis, of our democracy, we now turn to our second inquiry: is the Church playing its part in upholding our democratic faith?

The best answer to this question is to be found in defining the true status and mission of the Church in the civil order. We too often fall into error because we labor under false conceptions as to the Church's role.

The Church seeks the sanctification of men and the salvation of their souls, not primarily man's economic and social well-being and political success. The Church is, of course, concerned with the moral aspects of our economic and social processes as they affect man, and it has made its position clear by condemning many practices in the existing order. It also has been definite in prescribing the economic and social values and principles which should obtain in a Christian society. One has only to read two of many papal encycli-

cals—the *Rerum Novarum* and the *Quadragesimo Anno*—to see that the Church has been a fearless and wise teacher of what is wrong in the social and economic world of today. The Church was the first expositor and advocate of social justice.

The Church has always opposed, and does oppose, all forces which degrade man, or which deprive man of an adequate opportunity to rise to his highest estate. It strives to better man here, so as to prepare him for hereafter; but it does not seek to give man his heaven here on earth. It knows that man cannot live by bread alone. It wants him to have the liberty and opportunity to earn the bread which his nature requires, but it also insists that he be given the spiritual sustenance which his supernatural nature demands. The Church is not only interested in the standard of living; it is also interested, and more interested, in the standard of *right* living. In short, the Church is concerned with the whole man: his body, his mind and his soul.

The Church has a divinely appointed mission and not a man-selected mission. We, therefore, do not question that mission; we don't try to reshape it to our fancies; we accept it as received and do our best to fulfill it. Furthermore, is it not presumptuous to oppose the Church's revealed wisdom and historic experience with our ever-changing human guesses? The commission given the Church was to teach *all* nations, not one particular country or a special group of nations, with which

we happened to be in accord just at that time. The Church does not seek to save one nation and defeat another; it seeks to save *all* nations.

Moreover the Church must be *right*, universally right, not just locally right and momentarily popular. We cannot judge it by the enjoyment of momentary and local popularity. History affords us many examples proving that the Church's foresight has been justified by man's hindsight.

The universality of the Church gives it a unique and vitally essential function in the world today. Men cannot live harmoniously together, nor nations in peace unless they are bound together by similar ideals and interests. There must be some unifying and cohesive force in the world, otherwise chaos will reign supreme. The *only* unifying and cohesive force in our contemporary civilization is our Christian tradition and culture. We find it in our art, architecture, music, literature, history and philosophy and we certainly find it in our American political tenets. The Church has been the custodian and protector of that tradition and culture. The Church alone, among all the institutions in the world, can preserve this common denominator of life and it must not be criticized if it makes that its supreme function and the criterion of its action.

There can be no hope of peace on earth, no reason for a return to law and order, unless there remains somewhere on earth an authority which can again rally nations and peoples to common ideals, to a belief in the same way of

life and to hope in a common destiny.

If we are not fighting for our Christian civilization, then the war is not worth fighting at all—or perhaps I had better say that if we are not fighting for our Christian civilization then we do not know what we are fighting for. This cannot be a war solely about a map, about raw materials, about racial and national ambitions, or even about the rectification of a treaty, for the simple reason that none of the belligerents have given us a statement of their war objectives respecting any of these subjects. We are fighting because we have been attacked; we are fighting because, consciously or unconsciously, we realize that our way of life, and the freedom which is implicit in it, has been challenged, and that there are those who are seeking either to destroy it or to transform it into something different: into what is commonly called a "new order." As that "new order" takes shape, we find that fundamentally it repudiates the supernatural man of our American Christian political faith, and denies the divine rights of man. It offers us instead, or intends forcibly to impose upon us, if it can, the omnipotent state dominated by "supermen" who arrogantly constitute themselves a law unto themselves, and who regard human rights as state franchises or their personal gifts.

President Roosevelt has said that we are fighting to defend Christian civilization, and, in his recent letter to Archbishop Mooney, he wrote: "We shall win this war and in victory we shall seek not vengeance but the establish-

ment of an international order in which the spirit of Christ shall rule the hearts of men and of nations."

Nations, even as men, can be governed only by force or by persuasion. Persuasion is the American method, and is the application of the Catholic doctrine of free will to the political process. The Church employs this democratic process and seeks the sanctification of men and the salvation of society by persuasion and prayer. Therefore, its real field of operation is in the minds and souls of men. The Church knows that you cannot use power politics to shove men into the kingdom of heaven. The Church knows that you can destroy the human mind and heart with bullets and bayonets; but that you

cannot change the human mind and heart with bullets and bayonets. The Church knows that you can only fight ideas with ideals, power with prayer. And to win this fight, the Church must be not only *in* and *of* the world, it must likewise be *apart from* and *above* the world.

It is only in this field of combat that President Roosevelt's peace aims can be accomplished "in the hearts of men and of nations." And what does he say are our war aims—"to establish an international order in which the spirit of Christ shall rule."

The Church has things belonging to Caesar which it should render to Caesar, but it also has things belonging to God which it must render to God!



Homily in Stone

The pastor of an old Missouri parish years ago ordered a marble slab to be placed above the church door, bearing the inscription from St. Matthew (21, 13): "My house shall be called a house of prayer." The engraver on opening his Bible at the place indicated, read the entire verse, and proceeded to chisel it upon the marble with many a flourish and line. When the pastor saw the mistake that had been made, he was naturally somewhat surprised, but his kind heart would not allow him to return the marble slab, so he carefully covered up the second half of the verse with putty. In the course of the months, the marble became somewhat weather-stained, and the putty became bleached and white in the sun. One morning the parishioners found to their surprise that the old inscription: "My house is a house of prayer," was followed by the startling accusation in snow-white letters: "But you have made it a den of thieves."

The Liguorian (May '42).

The Glory of Glass

Stew through the looking glass

By J. J. DUSTIN

Condensed from the *Liguorian**

Perhaps the outstanding feature of glass is the fact that it is something one can look through. Perhaps, too, that is why it is seldom looked into, except as a looking glass. There is romance in its story.

Centuries ago on a desolate, sandy seacoast, Phoenician sailors gazed upon a startling phenomenon that took place during their evening repast. Dinner for the king's navy was prepared, according to nautical custom, in a large, sooty cauldron, sunk in glowing coals. But on this particular evening the scullery chief had placed his cooking vessel on a heap of sand containing small deposits of alkali and the union of the sand and the alkali when subjected to the bed of cherry-red embers resulted in what is technically known as a *vitrification*.

Pliny fails to describe the culinary qualities of the stew, for all eyes were focused on something more important. There in the silence of a calm seashore, at dusk, a band of hale, hearty, hungry Phoenicians had discovered the amazing wonder of the ages—glass!

Glass, this new friend of humanity, was not long in making its way around the ancient world. Glass rings soon dangled and sparkled from the ears of copper-colored Egyptians, glass beads gracefully dotted fashionable oriental costumes. Although Phoenician history

dates back only to 2000 b. c., Egyptologists claim that glass found a place in Egyptian everyday life as early as 5000 or 6000 b. c., and was sold to the commercial world in the form of imitation jewels and other ornamental trinkets. In some of the most ancient Egyptian tombs there have been unearthed scarabs made of glass having an amazing resemblance to rubies, emeralds, sapphires and other precious stones.

"All roads lead to Rome," the saying goes, and the trail of glass was no exception. Italy eventually became the world's glassmaking center. In the days of the Caesars, even the Roman proletariat quaffed their wine from glass cups and feasted from glazed plates, which were sold on the streets for a few copper coins. With the flight of the Roman eagle, the use of glass spread to every part of Europe. Before long, the more humble provincial inhabitants of Spain and Gaul were erecting glassworks and producing the first crude panes of glass for general use in windows and doors.

Historians maintain a solemn silence as to the origin of window glazing. The first man to peer through a window, according to more recent records, could have done so no earlier than 306 b. c. It is certain that window-glass-making was known in England during the life of St. Venerable Bede.

*Box A, Oconomowoc, Wis. May, 1942.

But window glazing as a real art achieved perfection in the magnificent churches and cathedrals of the Middle Ages. A vitally important discovery, the first of its kind, was made at Limoges in France, where a Venetian colony of glassworkers had settled in the year 979 A. D. They standardized a scientific process of painting glazed plates with metallic pigments that fused themselves into the very substance of the glass. One of the first to utilize this great discovery to any considerable extent was the famous 12th-century promoter of ecclesiastical architecture, Abbot Suger.

Wherever there is sand and alkali, fire and patience, glass can be made. The glass industry was one of America's successful enterprises. A glass factory was put up in Jamestown, Va., in 1608. But it was not until 1860 that Americans made their first attempt to manufacture plate glass, a special, durable, "double-duty" glass now used for store windows, revolving doors, showcases and windshields. At Lenox, Mass., many unsuccessful experiments were tried, and until after the Civil War practically all of the plate glass used in this country had to be imported. About 1870, Capt. John B. Ford became interested in the project of manufacturing America's own "home-grown" plate glass, and inaugurated the nation's first commercially successful plate-glass plant in New Albany, Ind.

The making of glass has advanced so rapidly that its products are now commonplace and people hardly give

a thought to its importance in comfortable living. Few people ever take the trouble to visit one of those mammoth plants, as large as steel mills, where the crude materials, sand, soda, and lime, are merged into a mixture according to precise laboratory formulas and then consigned to roaring furnaces.

Roger Bacon, the great 13th-century inventor, enriched the science of optics by means of glass. By grinding and polishing glass lenses according to procedures learned through countless experiments, he developed a successful means of aiding defective vision. He called his invention *spectacles*. Today many thousands are wearing spectacles; but, thanks to still further progress, many of them are entirely invisible. Men and women afflicted with faulty vision need no longer wear dignified pince-nez or scholarly horn-rims; instead, they may wear a thin shell of glass attached by suction to the eyeball itself, making it possible to engage in athletic games and other vigorous exercise that external glasses might interfere with.

Early in the 17th century, the Dutch optician Lippershey ground a lens for the first telescope. The world stood amazed at this new means of astronomical research. Now, thanks to the ever-upward march of the glass industry, the nation's best astronomers on Palomar mountain, near San Diego, will soon be able to penetrate the secrets of the Milky Way with a gigantic masterpiece of glasscraft. A 200-inch mirror, 600,000 or 700,000 times as keen as the human eye, is expected to

reach out three times as far into space as the world's largest previous telescope, and bring into vision billions of stars that have never before been seen.

The telescope brings to mind another invention connected with glass: the mirror. The first mirrors in history were nothing more than a thin disk of bronze, slightly convex on one side, and highly polished. But looking glasses as known to the world today date from a much more recent period. Their exact origin is not clearly known. In the 12th century they were almost universally made by applying a coat of tinfoil amalgamated with mercury to the surface of a piece of plate glass. In 1835, Baron von Liebig first discovered a more scientific method of silvering mirrors, and modern progress is responsible for the fine plate-glass mirrors that grace the walls of restaurants, theater lobbies, and clothing stores.

Hospitals and scientific laboratories owe much to the glass manufacturers. Sturdy bottles for medicines, ampoules for serums, slides for microscopic work, graduated beakers and test tubes for experimentation, crystal-pure glass for X-ray therapy, as well as scientifically tested plate glass for operating rooms, where natural and artificial lighting must be at its best—these are only some of the contributions of glass to the health of humanity.

Glass tape, manufactured by the Industrial Tape Corporation, is the latest thing in insulation. It comes in 40-inch rolls. A fiber glass with adhesive properties, it was originally meant for use as a pipe insulation. However, the elec-

trical industry has found many valuable uses for it.

In recent months, the owners of home sound-recording machines have been successfully using "glass records." The new high-quality sound-recording blanks have a plate-glass base. They are only one-tenth of an inch thick and prove as sturdy and durable as the ordinary commercial phonograph record.

Glass was once considered a delicate thing, something to be handled in fear and trembling. Of course, delicate stemware is still made but glass can also be made to stand the same tests as sturdy metals. The Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company in one of its recent catalogues announces the manufacture of a very special glass called Herculite. It pictures a large strip of this new kind of glass laid across two wooden horses withstanding the strain of 1,000 pounds. Houses are now made of glass bricks and blocks, which admit soft light from all directions. They are economical to keep warm, low in cost, and require no paint.

The invention of "glass wool" produced striking results in the textile industry. Glass wool is made by forcing molten glass through minute orifices under terrific pressure, producing an extraordinarily tough substance. The wool is then spun into yarn and woven on standard textile looms. Housewives may now wear glass dresses, hang glass curtains on their windows, and have glass rugs placed on their floors.

The most startling recent discovery is elastic glass. Elastic glass is a

substance that has the appearance of glass, the elasticity of rubber, the resistance to water of paraffin, and is entirely immune to perspiration, alcohol, oils and solvents. Though transparent, it can be transformed into such colors and tints as garnet, sapphire, emerald, amber, black, and white. Garters, belts, luggage and handbags are now being manufactured from this new substance.

And glass will soon be coming into its own in the airplane industry. Even now our army and navy pilots, almost surrounded by an especially prepared glazed shielding, are being styled "soldiers in glass houses." Linen and cotton fabrics are excellent covering materials, but they have certain drawbacks and it is now a known fact that wings covered with glass cloth have already been used on the light Taylor-craft planes.

The romantic history of glass has by

no means reached its end. Ever since those first crude vitrified beads appeared under the Phoenician cauldron, glass has become a common and almost indispensable element to the comfort and enjoyment of everyday life. Scientists envision an even greater future.

The ideal dream is one that pictures houses built not just with the glass bricks and glazed blocks, but also with glass woodwork, molding, and doorsteps that can be sawed, chiseled, nailed or run off on a lathe. Streets paved with glass! Filling stations supplying gasoline to glass-wool-insulated automobiles from glass service pumps! Glass everywhere, shimmering, shining, making the world a more pleasant home for all! The dream is, perhaps, utopian, but the glazed trail winding and weaving as it has through the labyrinths of past centuries, has yet to lead the scientific world to a dead-end street.



Standard

There is much talk at present of the desirability of canonizing Cardinal Newman. Personally I don't understand this itch for adding to the Church's calendar the names of eminently respectable people who have led moderately or even very edifying lives.

Once you break away from the absolutely heroic, there is no end to the number of possible candidates. If Cardinal Newman, why not Cardinal Manning, Pius IX, and their contemporary, the Carmelite prioress, Mother Mary of Jesus, who has just died? They were all very holy and very human.

Canon Arthur Jackman in *Holy Roodlets* (April '42).

Catholics in the Third Reich

What may be expected

By PIERRE J. HUSS*

Condensed from a book†

One night in the winter of 1938 the nazi party staged a *Bier Abend* (beer evening) in the Kaiserhof in Berlin for a batch of us foreign correspondents. That meant the guzzling of much Pilsener for the sake of rubbing elbows with some of the brown-shirted *Reichleiters* and maybe a few *Gauleiters* and smaller fry in the land. I knew from weary experience it meant also a heavy dose of nazi propaganda; but no American newspaperman in Berlin could stay away from such a party, unless he cared to risk getting scooped by the opposition.

I caught the eye of Jimmy Holburn, crafty Scotsman and chief Berlin correspondent at that time for the London *Times*. We always worked hand in hand, swapping the good and the bad.

Jimmy was at a corner table talking to a scarred, round-faced nazi. I identified him as Party Fanatic Bormann, the deputy of Rudolf Hess and earmarked around town as an intriguer and bootlicker, with a long knife out for his immediate chief. He liked to be taken seriously and considered of first-rank importance, which meant that after half-a-dozen beers mixed with schnapps he would probably shoot his mouth off and spill some low-down for future background.

Jimmy was quick to introduce me,

if only to share the burden of talking to Bormann. I had met Bormann at nazi party congresses in Nuremberg and on other occasions, but he only remembered people bigger than himself or those who could do him favors. I sat down and drank beer, listening to Jimmy and Bormann argue the delicate subject of religious freedom within the nazi state.

Holburn, rolling German sounds with a Scotch burr, boldly reminded the little nazi that the Catholic Church had persevered through thick and thin for a couple of thousand years, as had the Jews, and a mere puff of persecution could hardly be expected to conquer it. In fact, Holburn pointed out, the nazi drive against the Church had merely served to strengthen it, as could be seen in the Rhineland and Bavaria.

I listened to the flood of nazi phrases and contentions on the Church and the Jews, all of which amounted to the same thing. This Bormann was merely repeating what men like Rosenberg had written down. He even beat on the table with his heavy fist, shaking our plates and glasses.

"I repeat, you are wrong in your papers and stories when you say we nazis persecute the Church.

"*Ja, ja*, all wrong. The Jews we exterminate, or will soon, but the Church

*Of International News Service.

†The Foe We Face. 1942. Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc., Garden City, N. Y. 300 pp. \$3.

is free in our Fatherland. I tell you now we will rid Germany of every Jew, from the first to the last, and if I had my way they'd all be dead or gone by now.

"But, the Church, evangelical or Catholic, we do not touch. Only those of its priests and bishops who try to use the pulpit for political agitation or the Sunday school as a backdoor to politics.

"We nazis fought the communists and the fat-bellied politicians in this land for 15 years and smashed the Jews, and we don't intend to have the pulpit or the crazy student in Bonn stab us in the back. Every German can go to church if he wants to, but every church has got to remember that the Fatherland comes first and before all. I mean that Peter's pence shouldn't have to go to Rome, and it doesn't any more in this land because of financial restrictions. But there are still hundreds and thousands of our people who put the Vatican first and the Fatherland second. That has got to stop."

Bormann downed a schnapps and beer in quick succession and the heavy beer mug came back to the table with a crash.

"That has got to stop," he said again after wiping his mouth with the back of his hand.

"I for one shall never rest until the last Jew is gone and until all churches in Germany serve the Fatherland and God instead of some outside power. A lot of us feel the same way.

"Why, we fought the communist down, to kick Moscow out of Berlin,

so to say. We nazis do not intend to have a foreign power ruling the Fatherland with an unseen hand, as Moscow was. Well, then, what else is the Vatican but a foreign power telling some 30 million Germans how to act and to be loyal. I tell you we won't have it!"

Bormann was getting loud, "What is the Vatican but a foreign power ruling through its religious hold on the masses?" he ranted. "Why should we let a foreign despot in Rome tell us what to do any more than the bolshevist in Moscow? Either the Catholic Church in Germany stops that or we will. I can be a bad enemy."

That was in 1938, when little nazi Bormann was still small fry. But two and one-half years later, when Bormann already had laid claim to an adjutant and large car in the best style of nazi big shots, his immediate superior Rudolf Hess conveniently got out of his way by flying to Scotland to woo peace without Hitler's consent.

In the early weeks of July, 1941, the great Catholic areas of the Rhineland, Bavaria, Westphalia, former Austria, and the Sudetenland among others found themselves in the throes of a new nazi wave of oppression, featured chiefly by the wholesale closing down of convents and cloisters.

Uniformed men of the S. S. and nonuniformed men of the Gestapo swarmed into towns and villages, rudely dispossessing nuns and priests alike and driving them into the streets without notice. Catholic Orders of all kinds were disbanded; German families go-

ing to Mass on Sunday had to file past glaring S. S. muscle-men at the door of the church; the cloisters and convents were turned into dormitories for repatriated Germans.

The Catholics who had contributed heavily to the Church or refused to be intimidated by ordinary means were subjected to the exquisite terrorism of telephone calls at all hours of the night or became targets for threatening letters. Many cracked under the strain and stayed away from Church in the end.

In Poland the churches were temporarily closed, with the exception of Cracow; in Innsbruck the drunken Gauleiter, Andreas Hofer, forbade further religious processions.

Roadside shrines were stripped; in the heart of Innsbruck a beautiful bouquet of roses appeared regularly, as if by magic, in the empty shrine in the square, a silent but bold protest against the fanaticism of Hofer. The Gauleiter, drunk or sober, raged at the insult and posted guards at the empty shrine, but not only did the bouquet appear each day but similar ones decorated shrines all over the city, placed there by mysterious hands.

Bormann soon had his hands full. Mighty voices from the pulpits of the Reich thundered their warnings, and pastoral letters of the aged and suffering Cardinal Faulhaber in Munich and Conrad Preysing, bishop of Berlin, spread the tide of indignation throughout the land.

But an even doughtier warrior of the Church came to the forefront and

led the battle against the Nazis with a hitherto unprecedented vigor. That was Count August Clemens von Galen, bishop of the ancient Westphalian town of Münster. During one of his daring sermons his quick eye picked out the uniformed S. S. pair sitting a few pews away. He had been made aware, too, of angry men who accosted the churchgoers outside and in some cases "accidentally" kicked shins or stepped on touchy corns. He knew what he was facing.

He preached of the sufferings of men that Sunday; of the tribulations of mankind, and of the unfailing comfort and mercy of God. He recalled to the minds of his people the persecutions and the patience of Christ; the blindness of men dazzled by power and glory, of days gone by and of our days, and the storms they unleashed.

He talked of the Rock of Peter; of the sacredness of the family; of the home, and of the child and its immortal place in the heart of Christ.

Bishop von Galen, tirelessly active against the creeping poison spread among the young by the blandishments and seductions of Rosenberg, then lashed the dark forces seeking to undermine the authority of parents and the innocent minds of children. He reminded friend and foe alike that Christ was the special protector and the eternal Saviour of the young; and woe to those who harmed the body or mind of the child, or sought with false gospels to lead it astray from its Shepherd.

It was at this point, on the testimony

of people who were there, that the S. S. man of Himmler's Gestapo and his companion stood up and stamped into the middle of the broad aisle. They clicked their heels for all to hear, raised right arms above the level of their eyes in nazi salute, and said loudly, "*Heil Hitler!*"

The congregation sat in stony silence. Count von Galen, German patriot and able servant of God, looked with quiet tolerance at the two and waited for them to speak. The expression on his face clearly said, "My poor friends, why must you wait so long to muster the courage to carry out your orders? Please proceed."

But they did not march forward to arrest him. They had slightly different orders. The one who had stood up first stared straight before him and shouted, "You preach here in a language of hidden meanings, aimed to stir the minds of these Germans against the government. You talk of home and the family and children; you call on us to follow the example of a Man who had no family of his own—a *bachelor* wandering from one place to the next but never settled long enough to establish a home and learn to know it. And what could He know of children?"

It was typical nazi language and an accurate reflection of Rosenberg's utterances. The crudeness and callousness of nazi sneers in the face of Christianity were amply contained in the S. S. man's words and tone.

The bishop at the altar gazed for just a moment at the heckler before him and a faint shadow of amusement

and sarcasm spread over his face. He raised the finger of his right hand and wagged it solemnly in protest.

"I will not have the Führer insulted in this house of God or hear slanders against him," he declared as gravely as though pronouncing a benediction.

There were sudden snickers among the congregation; they tell me that you could almost hear the cheering, although in reality, of course, nobody cheered aloud. But the blow hit home, and the S. S. men paled visibly at the verbal boomerang.

There was no comeback possible, even if their minds had been agile enough to grasp for one, and in any case it was dangerous to trifle with parallels on Christ and the Führer. They were on thin ice there. They swallowed hard, and again clicked their heels and *heiled* Hitler.

"You will hear from us," said the spokesman of the pair, and both swung about and marched out with clacking heels. Bishop von Galen went on with his sermon and finished Mass without any outward sign of agitation. Afterward he went over to his residence, easy of conscience but firm of heart.

The Gestapo were waiting in his study. They wanted to take him away, but outside there was clamor and shouting for the bishop of Münster. Hundreds of the faithful had sensed the menace and boldly crowded the street in defiance of the combined threats of police and nazi storm troops. Vociferously they shouted for their bishop, threatening disorders if he failed to

appear. The Gestapo men were in a quandary and shifted the burden of responsibility by putting quick calls through to Gestapo headquarters in Berlin.

Ten minutes later all but two of them left, and the bishop stepped to the open window to bless his flock. He told them to go home and not to worry about him, as he would remain in their midst. He did not tell them that from that day on he would be shadowed and escorted wherever he would go, under house arrest and subject to all sorts of annoyances in which the Gestapo excels.

But the battle he fought was not fought entirely in vain. The forces unleashed by him and equally courageous men of the Church and outside of it swelled the pressure to such propor-

tions that Hitler had to give ear and in the end unbend to forestall what began to look like a serious inner rift on the home front. Hitler was furious but finally told Himmler and Bormann to lay off, therewith suspending for the present the nazi onslaught against the Catholic Church.

But those who know Berlin and the wild men in the nazi party are not fooled. Nor have the undaunted bishops of Germany been fooled by the letup.

It is nothing but a truce, a breathing space to the next move, for in the minds and pockets of these nazis rests like an embedded rock that Rosenberg plan for a National Church of Greater Germany, stripped of all outside ramifications and of everything injurious to naziism and its doctrines.



Army Slang

Angel's whisper: airman's term for bugle call.

Battery acid: coffee.

Biscuit gun: imaginary gun to shoot food to a student pilot who can't land.

Bubble dancing: washing dishes.

China clipper: dishwasher.

Crossbar Hotel: guardhouse.

Grandma: low gear in a vehicle.

Goldfish: canned salmon; also fried carrots.

Hangar pilot: airman who takes his flying on the ground.

Head bucket: new steel helmet.

Hit the silk: to bail out of a plane.

Jawbone: credit as opposed to cash.

Kangaroo: sergeant of the guard.

Slum burner: one who eats army food.

China Looks Ahead

By HALLETT ABEND

Condensed from the *Sign**

When victory is won

The United Nations are appalled at the rapidity with which the Japanese have been able to overrun most of the Philippine Islands and all of the Malay Peninsula with a combined force in both areas of not more than 400,000 men. As a result a new respect for the Chinese, amounting almost to awe, is evidenced in military quarters.

For China has withheld the Japanese for four and a half years, and has almost constantly fought a Japanese force varying from 1 million to 1½ million men. Moreover, China has done this with only a small percentage of the modern mechanical equipment which the American and Filipino and British forces had in the Philippines and Malaya. For four years China has had no vestige of a navy, and for more than three years, until late in 1941, had practically no air force.

The swift disasters which have overtaken the United Nations on Luzon, on the Malay Peninsula, and in the Netherlands Indies have brought about a belated recognition of the invaluable part which China has been playing in the long-drawn struggle against the Axis powers. When Japan struck at Pearl Harbor on Dec. 7 last year she had been engaged in an all-out war against China for exactly 53 months, for it was on July 7, 1937, that Japan made an equally unjustified attack on

China near the Marco Polo bridge at Peking.

Had it not been for those 53 months of bitter conflict, Japan in December of last year would have assaulted the democracies with her man power unimpaired, her air force much larger as to personnel and number of planes, her national credit still solid, her reserves of munitions and raw materials at their peak, and the morale of her people not undermined by more than four years of costly and indecisive struggle.

The extent of the Allied debt to China could also be fully realized were an estimate made of what Japan's strength would have been if China had surrendered after one or two years of unassisted battling against a foe incomparably better equipped. If China had made a peace with Japan in the autumn of 1938, after the invaders had captured both Hankow and Canton and the Chinese cause seemed hopeless, Japan would quickly have waxed rich on tribute from the coastal provinces, and would have been able to recover her economic stability.

What price has China paid for her courageous continuing resistance against terrific odds? She has paid with the lives of many millions of her people, among other things.

Late in January of this year I was given official figures from Chung-king.

*Union City, N. J. May, 1942.

Up to the end of 1941 more than 2,550,000 Chinese soldiers had been killed in battle or had died of wounds. Those wounded and maimed so terribly that they will never again be self-supporting, but must be wards of the state as long as they live, run to about 450,000. Other Chinese-soldier wounded number more than twice the combined total of dead and hopelessly maimed: more than 6 million.

This, in military parlance, means more than 9 million casualties. No one nation has ever before suffered to this extent in an equal period of time, and in military operations alone.

But China's military losses have been only a small part of what she has paid for her defense against Japanese aggression. More than 40 million of her civilians have fled from their homes and farms, taking only what they could carry. Millions of them died before they found safety and shelter. Typhoid fever, typhus, smallpox, dysentery, cholera, malaria, and many other diseases claimed countless victims, in addition to those who died of hunger, exhaustion, exposure and cold.

During those terrible years when China fought alone she inflicted terrific losses upon Japan. The toll of Japanese dead and irreparably wounded exceeds 1,250,000 men. If today, in her fury of conquest and aggression, Japan had this lost 1,250,000 men to turn loose against the United Nations, in addition to the million men still militarily engaged in China, her initial victories would be on such a scale that the war would be interminably pro-

longed, and the cost in lives and treasure of finally defeating her would be incalculably increased.

China, having paid so huge a cost in her singlehanded struggle against the aggressor of the Orient, will naturally expect to have a leading voice in the negotiations upon which a final and stable peace is to be established after the United Nations win the victory.

What will China demand? What will she feel is only just and right for her to have in the final settlement which will determine the form of the future peace?

The demands will be few and simple, and will deal in the main with the restitution of things which Japan and other powers have taken from her by force or by the threat of using force. They will be these:

1. The effective disarming of Japan, and international future supervision of her armaments, so that she will never again be able to disturb the peace of the Orient.

2. Complete evacuation of all militarily occupied Chinese territory, and restoration to Chinese ownership of all the holdings which Japan has acquired by chicanery or by the backing and threats of her corrupt militarists.

3. Voluntary rendition to China of all of the special rights guaranteed to a large group of powers under what are termed the "unequal treaties," including surrender of extraterritoriality, the right to maintain foreign troops on Chinese soil and foreign naval craft in Chinese waters, and the rights of for-

eign merchant ships to engage in Chinese coastal and river trade.

4. The return of Manchuria and Jehol province to unquestioned Chinese sovereignty, and the utter eradication of all Japanese claims and foot-holds in those areas.

On this basis, and this basis only, will China be willing to settle her long score against Japan. To settle for less, she is convinced, would not only be a crying injustice, but would turn Manchuria into a vaster Asiatic Alsace-Lorraine, and would risk future terrible wars.

The Chinese leaders look far ahead. Their astuteness in international political affairs is truly amazing, and their policies, consequently, are not only sound but dependable.

In November, 1940, General Wu Teh-chen told me in Singapore, "General Chiang would like to have you cable to the New York *Times* an authorized statement from him, to the effect that since Japan's adherence to the European Axis powers China considers the long-drawn Chino-Japanese contest as an inseparable part of the

world struggle against aggressor nations.

"The Generalissimo wishes you to announce, through your newspaper, that in view of this development China will never make a separate peace with Japan, but will continue fighting until a general world peace is arranged. Even if Japan were to offer us an honorable peace, including withdrawal of all of her armies from our territory, the offer would not be accepted.

"China's debt of gratitude to the democracies is great; China knows that her future welfare and security are contingent upon a victory of the democracies. China makes a pledge to conclude no separate peace, and to continue fighting to the limit of her strength until all of the aggressor nations are defeated and humbled."

This remarkable statement aroused little comment when it was first published. Today it has a new interest and a new value and importance. And the steadfast policy to which it pledged the Chinese nation will not be forgotten when the great war comes to an end.



If you don't say anything, you won't be called on to repeat it.

Calvin Coolidge quoted in *Liberty* (2 May '42).



It takes a baby approximately two years to learn to talk, and between 60 and 75 years to learn to keep his mouth shut.

Quoted in the *Ladies' Home Journal* (May '42).

My Mother Is a Violent Woman

By TOMMY WADELTON

Condensed from the book*

This story is all about my family. Families are persons who live together and are generally related or married. When I was young I could not understand how three Persons could be one and the same God. My mother said, "Look here. We are one family. Yet there are three persons in the family. Add the three persons together and that will make one family." So after that I knew about the Father and Son and the Holy Ghost.

My father's name is Thomas Dorrington Wadelton. He is 50 years old. He appears very intelligent. He has black hair and brown eyes. He is a lot of fun sometimes, but does not like to be bothered when he is reading. He smokes a pipe and cigarettes and drinks cocktails when he can get one. He is a swell horseback rider. He was an architect before he was an army officer, and my mother says he must be soft in the brain to give up a beautiful profession like architecture for a destroying profession like the army. My father said he could not see a hell of a lot of beauty in figuring out where to put the plumbing, and if there is a more beautiful thing than a good troop of cavalry he would like to see it. My father is a cavalry officer. He is a very quiet person.

My mother was christened Margaret Owen. That is the way they say Margaret Eugenie in Ireland. My mother is five feet two. When she diets she weighs 125 pounds. When she does not diet she gets pretty fat. Most of the time she diets. She has red hair and she says it is going to stay red, and if it gets gray she is going to do something about it. Sometimes her eyes are gray and sometimes they are green. When she is mad they blink. When we see her eyes blink my father and I crawl under the bed. (This is a joke.)

She says she has lied about her age so much she doesn't know how old she is. I think she is 40. When she is happy she makes a singing noise, but it is not singing because she cannot sing. It is a nice noise, though, and we like to hear it because then we know she is happy. Sometimes she is not happy, but she says to pay her no mind because she is an Irish lady and the Irish race enjoy being sad. She is easier to get along with when she is happy. My mother is a violent woman.

My father likes my mother an awful lot. My mother says she likes my father Shrove Tuesday and the second Sunday after Epiphany. I guess she

*1940. Coward-McCann, Inc., New York City. 121 pp. \$1.25.

likes him all the time. She gives him lots of kisses. I like them both. Sometimes they fight about airplanes being better than cavalry and about politics. My father says the trouble is that people make a god out of Mr. Roosevelt, and then when he makes a mistake, cry, "Out upon him!" instead of thinking he is a human man and must make some mistakes. They fight about music and books, too. I like to hear them fight. When my mother gets mad she talks with a lisp and an accent. We mostly don't know what she is saying and that makes her madder.

When my mother comes home she runs along the walk and up the steps. She opens the door and bangs it shut and yells, "Hi!" or something like that. If we do not answer she does not mind but starts doing things. She makes herself a cup of tea and goes to the bathroom and puts away her coat and things like that. She acts noisy and happy as if she was glad that she wasn't bothered with anyone.

We go to church every Sunday. We go at seven o'clock except when we don't wake up. Then we go at ten. Saturday night my father says he will set his mind so it will go off and wake us up to go to church. Sometimes his mind does not work, and then we have to go at ten o'clock.

My mother went away for a while to make some speeches about how to be a good American, and she told us what to do while she was gone or she

would be worried. Frances was sick and could not come to cook for us, so my mother said we were to eat at the club and the orderly would take care of the house. Well, my father doesn't like to eat at the club, so the first day he asked Mrs. Hoffman to buy him a steak; and that night my father and I cooked the steak and made French-fried potatoes and we had apple pie and did not have to eat anything that was good for us at all. We had to go to the movies right away so we did not clean up, and the next morning we did not have time to clean up either. The next night we stacked the dishes up out of the way and had chile and corned beef and sandwiches and chocolate cake and went to the movies again. My father said the next day was Wednesday and he would be home in the afternoon and deal with the dishes. When he got home Wednesday he was eating a cheese sandwich and drinking some beer, and my mother came home a day ahead of time. Boy, was she mad! So my father said he had to see a dog about a man and went away. When we got home that night my mother said we could just march right over to the club for dinner and then we could clean up the kitchen, because she certainly wasn't going to do it.

We had our dinner at the club and it was pretty good with ice cream but my father said it wasn't as good as

his cooking. When we got back and opened the door, about a million cockroaches were running around on the dishes, and my mother got mad all over again, and she said get busy, and we got busy. Well, we got the dishes washed up and my mother said we could darn well do something about the cockroaches, and my father said don't give it a thought and we would fix it O. K. and my mother said, "How?" My father said leave it to him, and my mother said she supposed we would sing *La Cockarochia* and trust in God. But we did not sing *La Cockarochia*. We put powder around for a couple of nights and killed some more with the fly swatter.

Once a man telephoned and told my mother there was going to be a meeting of communists in Chattanooga, and what could she do about it. My mother went in and busted up the meeting all by herself. There was a pretty tough lot of persons at the meeting and it was in a dark building.

My father and I went to the movies and my mother was going to bed when we left, and when we got back she played asleep so we did not know anything about it until the next day. A man from the Chamber of Commerce called my father and told him how swell mamma was to do it all by herself. My father did not know what the man was talking about and made polite sounds. When the man hung up, my father said, "For Pete's

sake, Jeanne, what have you done now?" My mother told him, and was he mad! He says some day one of those tough fascists or communists is going to get tough with mamma, and then where will she be? My mother says if everyone lets themselves get scared about doing things against them, we might as well hand the country over to them and be done with it. My mother says she is going to fight fascists and communists and nazis as long as she can. And my father said, "All right, Mrs. Don Quixote, go to it—but don't say I did not warn you."

The newspapers did not know who mamma was at first and they came out in big headlines. One said, "You tell 'em, redhead"; and another said, "An unknown red-haired woman about 50 years old"; and was my mother hot! because she says she is not 50 years old. Not nearly. My father laughed, and every time he saw mamma he said something about 50 years old, until my mother got him down and tickled him until he promised not to say it again. My father is very ticklish. My mother is not a bit.

My mother went to a wedding, and she took a cup of punch to be polite. My father told her if she was going to drink it to go ahead and not stand around and suck on it because someone had made a mistake and put some punch in the gin. My mother thought he was trying to be funny, and she

sipped at it some and got kind of hazy, and when she got unhazy again she was dancing the big apple with a man she did not like at all or wouldn't speak to if she wasn't hazy and my mother never danced the big apple before in her life. There she was doing fancy steps and kicking her feet and yelling "Allah" with her fingers pointed up. My father said she was a riot and didn't she enjoy it? and she said she did not. She walked bow-legged for days with embarrassment.

My father and I take care of my mother most of the time. When she has to take care of herself it is not so good. Last year we drove to New York, and my father could not go with us. When we came out of the Holland Tunnel my mother was kind of dumb about getting the right turn. I had not been there before, and I was not so good either. A tough policeman blew his whistle at us and told us to pull over. He talked kind of tough out of the side of his mouth and said he was going to give us a ticket. My mother smiled and shook her head and said, "Svenska, me Svenska," and the policeman said what was she saying. My mother said, "No Eengleech" and "Svenska"; and then the policeman looked at me and yelled, "Do you speak English?" and I looked as dumb as I could and did not say anything. After a while the policeman rubbed his sweat off and said, "Get the hell out of here, you

damn squareheads," and we drove off and went down a side street and stopped the car so we could laugh, and the persons on the sidewalk looked at us like they thought we were crazy. My father said he did not know how we got away with it because we have the wrong kind of faces to be "Svenskas," which means Swedish persons.

I have been in quite a lot of schools. I could read and write before I went to school. My father taught me. My father reads a lot about training horses and I would sit on his lap and he would point out letters to me and show me how they made words. The book I liked best had a shiny bright cover. The name was *Posterior of the Horse* and I mostly learned to read out of that.

Once my father read me *Gunga Din*. I was too young to read all the words myself but I liked the part that says, "Din Din Gunga Din, come here, you rascal, where have you bin"; it sounds kind of singsongy. One day I wanted to hear it again and my father wasn't around so I went hunting my mother. She was taking a shower bath and I yelled could I come in. She stuck her head out of the curtains and said what did I want. I told her I wanted to be read *Gunga Din*. My mother said "What next" and turned the water off. She took the book and put her head out of the curtain and read me *Gunga Din*. Now whenever I hear it I remember

mamma with her head out of the shower-bath curtain reading it to me.

One school I went to was in Nashville, Tenn. It had a funny sort of way to teach kids. It never made them do anything they did not feel like doing, and was that nuts for me. The only thing I felt like doing was carrying around a cage of white rats and poking my fingers at them. My father drove me to school every morning. One day I wasn't getting dressed as fast as I should, and my father said to hurry up and brush my teeth. I said, "Daddy, you must not make me do things I don't want to do or you will depress my personality," and my father said he would depress the seat of my pants if I did not get going and where did I hear that sort of ret. My father went to the school, but they said that was the way they taught kids and that was that. My father said well, I could stay the rest of the term but he was going to hunt a new school after that. We could do everything we felt like doing so one day I felt like pouring red ink on my head, and it ran down my suit; and after that I did not go to that school any more.

The next school I went to I had a fight the very first day I was there. A big boy just hauled off and hit me. He cut my face. When I got home mamma said, "How come?" and when I told her she said, all right, we'd go hunt him; and if I did not lick him

she would lick me. We found the boy and mamma said, "Why did you hit Tommy?" and the boy said because he felt like it, and mamma said, "Oh, yeah? Sic him, Tommy." The boy ran and I had to chase him. I licked him pretty good with a bloody nose. Next time I saw him he said, "Your mother is crazy," and I had to lick him all over again because my mother is not crazy. We got to be friends after a while and mamma liked him, too. I went to that school four years. I had three big fights. I won them all. I had to or my mother would lick me. I do not like to fight.

Every year my mother and I go to New York. We visit all the interesting places that will help me get educated. I like all of them except there are too many pictures in the Metropolitan Museum. I like statues and silver and furniture.

One morning we were having our breakfast in Radio City when my mother read in her paper that the Youths Congress was going to have a meeting at Vassar College. My mother thought it would educate me to go to the Youths Congress, and it might help me be a better citizen.

We made Poughkeepsie all right, and my mother found out she could not go to the Youths Congress unless she got invited, so she telephoned around some and got herself invited. I thought maybe if I did not get invited I could go to a movie and play

screeno, but mamma got me invited, too, so I had to take a bath and put on my white suit.

We went out to Vassar College, which is a lady's college, but this time there were quite a lot of gentlemen there, too.

This Youths Congress was a lot of youths that did not like the way the fathers and mothers were running the different countries, and so they thought they would get together and talk about what was the best way to do with the countries when they got them to run. I thought Youths would be like the seniors at Baylor Military School where I go, but they were pretty old—about 25, I guess. Some of them had whiskers.

My mother told me two questions to ask any Youths I got talking to that afternoon. She said to remember the answers, and if I could not, to go off somewhere and write them down in my book. The questions were, "Do you think communism or fascism a good thing?" and "Would you fight if your country went to war?" She said to get impressions and be smart about it.

That evening there was a ruckus in the restaurant and policemen came and took some persons away. The waitress said they were some of the youths who ate their dinner and did not pay for it because they did not have any money. My mother felt sorry for the Youths and said she

would pay for their dinner. The man who owned the hotel said they owed him for a lot of more things besides the dinner, and he thought they were a lot of crooks and not regular youths anyway. I stood up to see better, and I spilled the coffee on my pants. It was the last clean pair I had left, and my mother said I certainly played with hard luck. I had only my white school uniform clean. It has guns on the collar and a leather belt and it is very military looking. My mother said, "Of all things to wear to a peace meeting!" and besides, she was saving it until I went to call on my grandmother. My mother is very careful how I look when I call on her. Well, we went on out to Vassar to the meeting, and I bet a couple of hundred persons looked at my uniform when we went in, and did I feel silly.

I did a pretty good job of hearing for my mother, but it did not make much sense to me. There were a lot of Youths running around and looking important with papers and books and everything and getting in each other's way.

My mother told me to go out and sit on the steps to wait for her and to sit on my handkerchief and keep my pants clean.

There wasn't anything to do sitting down, so I tried to find the big dipper and the little dipper in the stars. When you look at stars a long time it makes you feel very still and far away from

yourself. Some Youths came out and sat down on the steps. They were having a loud conversation and seemed pretty mad but you don't know if foreign persons are mad or just talking about getting a couple of hamburgers. Some of them went away and there were only two left. I said, "How do you do," and we got talking. One of them was mad all the time. He said that a taxi driver charged him two dollars to come out to Vassar College and he asked if that was not too much but I did not know because I never came out with a taxi driver. Well, he said the people in Poughkeepsie were not so hot because they did not pay much mind to the Youths Congress and should feel proud about the Youths being there and do things for them instead of just not paying them any mind at all. I asked him the first question, if he would fight if his country went to war, and he got madder and beat himself on the chest and said, "I 'ave no countree, I am ceetzeen of de voriild." I can't write the way he said it, but that's pretty good. He talked and talked and I did not know what he was talking about so I went back to looking for the big dipper. When he stopped a little I asked the other question and I wished I didn't. It started him off all over again, and this time he stood up and I got a crick in my neck looking at him. I don't know a darn thing he said.

After the meeting I had to wait for

my mother in the park. I was reading and eating some peanuts when some dark Youths came along. They were not colored persons, just dark.

I said, "How do you do," but they did not say, "How do you do" back. One had whiskers and I stood up like I've been taught to do when old persons are standing. They kept looking at my uniform. One shrimpy guy said why was I wearing a uniform. I told him about getting coffee on my pants and not having any clean ones but my uniform. He was kind of sneery and said fascists were running this country and making boys be for fascism by sending them to military schools. I said that was baloney. No one had anything to do with my school but my father. He picked it out and paid for it. The shrimpy guy talked fast and I could not keep up with him. I thought, "If he is talking about my father I will have to poke him in the nose, or about the U. S. A. or the President, and my mother will be mad if I get my uniform dirty." He kept pointing at the Baylor shield on my cap and talking—I did not know what he was saying. I was getting awful mixed up.

One of the other dark persons asked me if I was with the Youths Congress and I said no, I was with my mother. Someone said my father was a plutocrat. I knew what that meant all right because I missed it in spelling and had to look it up and make

a sentence with it in. I said he was crazy, there were lots of things I could not have and my mother and father, too, because I had to get a sound education and that costs money. The shrimpy guy got madder and madder. He threw my cap on the grass. I thought he was going to tramp on it. I did not know what to do. I never had a fight with adults before, but I guessed I'd have to poke him in the nose and I don't like to fight, but I had to do something if he tramped my cap. They cost \$3. I saw mamma coming and boy, was I glad! My mother always knows what to do. She said, "What's the matter, Tommy?" I said how about snitching? She said it was all right and not snitching to tell her what was the matter. I told her. She pointed to my cap and said to the shrimpy guy, "Pick it up." They stood there looking kind of stuck up and sneery and did not pick it up. My mother said, "*Pick it up*" in a funny voice and she started walking toward them. The shrimpy guy picked it up and gave it

to my mother. My mother said, "Give it to my son." The man gave it to me. My mother said, "Thank the low swine, Tommy." I thought that was what I was told to say, so I said, "Thank you, you low swine," and my mother burst out laughing and she laughed and she laughed, and the men looked scared and went away pretty quick.

My mother said, "And that's the kind of persons who are coming here telling us how to run our country. It is a proper caution."

My mother said I did not have to go to the Youths Congress any more, I could go to Bronxville, N. Y., and visit my Aunt Neda and my Uncle Charles, who have seven children and a grandchild and a son-in-law, Oliver.

My mother asked me if I learned anything at the Youths Congress and did it make me think, and I said you bet it made me think that I'm pretty lucky to be an American and have President Roosevelt for a boss instead of dictators and Gay Pay O's and things like that.



Tommy Waddleton

Tommy's father is a lieutenant colonel in the U. S. cavalry. His mother is a writer and a violent woman, the red-headed Irish type. When he was quite young, he continually bothered his mother by talking all the time. She gave him paper and pencil, told him to write instead of talk, and when she had time they would go over it together. This book of enormous delight is a collection of those writings.

Christianity Now and After

Blueprint for a dark future

By MICHAEL DE LA BEDOYERE

Condensed from the *Atlantic Monthly**

During the first two years of the war the stage was set for the entry of Christianity as one of the chief actors in the struggle. There was well-nigh universal agreement that naziism was essentially anti-Christian — and if certain people might try to argue that fascist totalitarianism in its reaction against the anarchy and materialism of democracy possessed a certain Christian flavor, Hitler obliged by vigorously persecuting the Church.

Hitler' obliged still further by making a pact with bolshevism, the self-avowed archenemy of all Christianity. And the first country to be savagely destroyed was Catholic Poland, the spoils being divided between the nazis and the bolsheviks. It was true that, despite this almost classically clear-cut setting of the scene, the nations failed to range themselves into logical groups. Plutocratic England and anticlerical France —to describe them at their worst— found themselves the champions of Christ, while Catholic countries like Italy, Spain, Hungary, and Ireland retired behind the backdrop to make "noises off" in support, it too often seemed, of the nazis and bolsheviks. Everything seemed to conspire to provide an underlying motif or plot in terms of Christianity versus anti-Christianity.

Moreover, as the war proceeded, it

might be expected that the Christian weakness of the protagonists of Christianity would prove to be their strength. Was it not in fact clear that the nazis and the bolsheviks, whatever their other faults, possessed a ready battle cry? Here were the champions of the new order, the knights of the oppressed nations and peoples ensnared by the hollow and hypocritical promises of liberty, the forgers of that super, truly popular, modern state, embodying at once the latest achievements of technique and the Marxist claim for universal social and economic security. What had Britain and France to offer in place of this? They could only drag up the old, long-corrupted baits that had done service during the last war and given Europe an era of anarchy and poverty. In this war against the enemies of Christianity, which was being fought without any solidly constructive and positive ideal, surely the way lay open for the adoption of the counter-ideal, the ideal of Christianity itself! Never were the conditions for religious conversion made so seemingly simple.

The first figure of the Christian world, three months after the outbreak of the present war, gave the world five peace points, and these inevitably embodied in a more Christian language the essential cause of England and

* 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass. May, 1942.

France at war with naziism and bolshevism.

It is surely very extraordinary—and very suggestive—that, despite the remarkably favorable stage setting for a serious turning again to Christianity in a nation of perturbed and questioning people, so very little apparently has come of it. Does this mean that Christianity is really dead in England? And, if so, what consequences must we expect?

In England, as in America, there obviously survives an extremely strong conviction that a people must have spiritual roots if it is to survive. Indeed it can be argued that the world disorder which followed the last war has been challenged in the name of *spiritual* values. Fascism, naziism, and bolshevism have made their differing appeals in the name of the spirit, and in return they have enjoyed the quasi-religious fanatical devotion of millions. In one respect their spiritual claim is quite bogus, in that opponents have been crushed with ruthless cruelty. In other words, the masters have determined the quality and limits of the spirit they wished to evoke, and their reason was certainly not spiritual. But it is wrong to describe as bogus a great many of the ideals which have been propagated among the Italian, German and Russian peoples. The national revival and reordering of Italy is not a bogus ideal, nor is the German claim to an honorable place among the nations, and still less is the social aspiration of the new Russia. These ideals are not in themselves bad or artificial;

what is wrong with them is their disorder in relation to other equally important ideals which together and in harmony form an ideology worthy of human beings living in society. And what is worse about them is that the goodness in them has been deliberately exploited by evil.

In England and America a far more perfect harmony of ideals survives; but we, on our side, lack the fervor and spiritual conviction which have been generated in the dictator countries. We are in the position of men who have had their spiritual crises long ago, who once fought hard to win a higher way of life, who have won, but who now take the victory for granted and find that it does not afford all the satisfaction once expected of it.

The middle-aged who direct our fortunes in England and America tend to drift between habit-generated conviction about the spiritual value of democratic institutions and a pricking of conscience as to whether these institutions are capable of giving men what they need in the world as it is shaping today. Such a state of mind is not one that evokes confidence or enthusiasm. New and living convictions must replace the temporary and negative convictions of war if a new world is to be built. It is obvious that even 20 years ago the victors were without a sufficiently strong spiritual conviction about a program derived from the past. The new world was utterly unable to withstand the new men who were in revolt against the postwar settlement.

Today, as then, there survives in

England and America a genuine conviction about the necessity of maintaining what we call the decencies of civilized life—what President Roosevelt has called the four freedoms—but already we have long passed the stage where there exists an equal conviction that our democratic institutions, as they stand, can be counted upon to defend these freedoms. In other words, the mere negative ideal of destroying a barbaric enemy and of maintaining the decencies of our civilization may suffice to keep resistance going until the nazis are defeated, but we cannot count on our present spiritual convictions to see us through in the giant work of rebuilding once the war is over. We must see new visions and kindle new inspirations.

Naturally enough, countries with a Christian heritage will not fail in wartime to invoke God and Christianity in support of their cause, and this has been done frequently enough by England at war. Even the Führer does not forget at solemn moments to refer to the Deity. But there are very strong reasons for leaving it at that. For, the moment we begin to inquire seriously what Christianity demands of a nation at war, we begin to receive awkward answers. At the very start there may be a scruple as to whether Christianity and modern war are in any way compatible. And even if the arguments of the Christian pacifist can be answered, they may well leave, as it were, a taste in the mouth. At any rate, they may serve to weaken somewhat the strong foundation of spiritual conviction up-

on which a popular struggle must be based.

It soon becomes clear that the Christian ideal, of its nature, is universal. A particular country may embody that ideal, but only if it is ready in the long run to sacrifice its particularist claims to the wider claims of a universal faith; and this goes against the instinctive feelings of a great people fighting for their lives, more especially if it is a long war and morale needs to be keyed up. There is no getting away from the truth that a faithful Christian community must always sow the seeds of division within an empire, and the division will grow in importance precisely in those times of spiritual and moral strain which a long war evokes. Hitler's persecution of Christianity can be largely understood as an expression of his insistence upon complete unity of conviction to carry through his revolution and his war.

Lastly, the Christian ideal involves the acceptance and practice of a moral code, even in the methods of warfare, which may at times amount to a positive weakening of the war effort. And the more seriously Christianity is taken, the more awkward the code. Even though a nation may sincerely start out with the intention of fighting cleanly, the methods of the enemy may force it to retaliate in kind. Yet for Christianity two wrongs can never make a right. Moreover, this Christian moderation tends to clash more and more with the instincts of a people at war, for these inevitably degenerate into hatred, cruelty, deceit; and even

at home the nervous excitement caused by war lets loose passions which are certainly incompatible with the profession of crusader.

Indeed, a modern total war gives rise to a very paradoxical state of affairs. We find in England—and doubtless to some extent in Germany as well—that a people gives of its very best. The bravery, patience, charity, endurance which civilians as well as soldiers manifest in war are truly extraordinary; and we can say that national morale, in the best sense of the word, is far superior to what it was in the bad old days of peace. Yet this outburst of rare virtue is admittedly and openly in support of passionate and destructive ends which, however broadly justifiable in terms of patriotism and self-defense, would revolt men in time of peace.

To expect, therefore, that a true Christian ideal can be pursued by a people fighting in a cause however just, and even on a stage set for a crusade against Antichrist, is to expect a very great deal. And we need not be surprised to find that, while the word "Christianity" may be freely invoked, there will be little evidence of the reality and little disposition to study the reality while the struggle lasts.

Against this background the actual degree of Christian thinking in this country during this war may appear more impressive. For—leaving out of account the war itself and its conduct—there has been a good deal of searching of heart on the part of the churches themselves and on the part of the people. Compared with the last war, the

churches have more stoutly insisted that the first war settlement must be just; but, in the main, Christian thinking has centered round the social question. There are few thinking people in England today calling themselves Christian who are not determined that Christianity must lead and everywhere support a radical political and social policy calculated to give social security to every person in the kingdom who is willing to pull his weight with society. Indeed, the conviction is widespread that any attempt to preach Christ and the Christian way of life in divorce from reforms calculated to give all men the chance to be men is little short of hypocrisy.

All this, however, can only be said to touch the fringe of the real problem: that of inspiring the nation with a vision clear enough and a spirit strong enough to enable it to base the postwar reconstruction on a foundation in harmony with the Christian heritage of free institutions, yet in keeping with the technique, social aspirations and knowledge of the present. For if, so it is argued, Christianity cannot provide the required inspiration, communism will carry the masses off their feet.

This may seem a fantastic alternative, and so it is if we give to communism its usual meaning. There is, for example, very little danger of England going "bolshie," more especially after a victory. But if we try to face the problem of postwar England and postwar Europe we may be forced to acknowledge the existence of a danger that can well go by the convenient name of

communistic. It seems clear that if anarchy is to be avoided, problems will have to be treated as a whole, and order will have to be imposed by strong force in the face of much hostility. If this can be done, presumably in the name of England, America, and Russia, the new order will have to translate itself into a living system, spontaneously backed by the people.

Will it translate itself in time into free institutions, suited to the new needs, or will it translate itself into a despotic order backed by materialist-minded masses trained to support a supermachine state which claims to create for all a pagan paradise on earth according to the latest prescriptions of scientists, technicians, and popular publicists? That is the sort of communist or left totalitarian danger one can reasonably foresee. And we must honestly admit that such constructive spiritual forces, apart from the war itself, as tend to make themselves manifest and heard today would seem to lead to some such end. It is true that, apart from a handful of actual communists, those who have the ear of the public believe themselves to be advocating a new order that will be free and fundamentally democratic, but this of course was also the claim of the earlier Marxists. Not only in their increasingly fervent admiration of Soviet Russia (whose despotism and past policies, internal and external, they wholly overlook), but also in their advocacy of efficiency, ease, comfort and leisure for all, and ever-greater responsibility resting on the state, they in fact pursue a

definite totalitarian path. And if the picture they draw looks extremely attractive, it is because they are always taking for granted a postwar world of plenty.

Between the two wars there were various attempts in Europe to organize up-to-date regimes in harmony with the natural genius of the people and closely associated with their best religious traditions. Perhaps at this date one may safely mention Portugal as an example. To mention Italy in its earlier days of fascism, or Austria under Dollfuss and Schuschnigg, or Nationalist Spain, is enough to damn one in the eyes of most Anglo-Saxon publicists and not a few Christians. Nor do I wish to write an apologia for political experiments, all of which have fallen very far short of the hope that could once have been sincerely placed in them. My point is rather that serious efforts were made to counter the extremes of totalitarianism, whether of the left or the right, by returning to a political order suited to the people rather than to the abstract political theories of the liberal philosophers of the laissez-faire world of yesterday; and in each case it was fully realized that the only hope lay in renewing the traditional religious inspiration of the people in question.

Any brand of totalitarianism is wholly unsuited to an Anglo-Saxon people, and a left totalitarianism would have to be well disguised. The lesson to be learned from the continental experiments is not that we should imitate their particular authoritarianism, but

rather that we should reframe our own democratic institutions by seeking to relate them far more directly to those Christian principles of the responsibility and freedom of the person. This means that the first care of the new society must be to safeguard the conditions under which alone full human responsibility can be exercised. It must be a *positive* democracy truly "for the people," not, as in the past, a negative democracy for the benefit of those who are slick enough to take selfish advantage of democratic institutions. And this will be utterly impossible until the people realize once again where their true good lies, and once again recover a spiritual conviction that human welfare can only be secured if man and society are ordered in accordance with that divine design, the guiding lines of which are made clear in the Christian teaching that man is made in the image of the incarnate God.

Is there any practical hope that this can be achieved? The only possible sincere answer is that there appears at present to be very little hope. Despite an occasional exceptional appearance, there can be no doubt that war is bad for Christianity. While a certain lip service is paid to useful Christian values, we are forced to agree to a kind of moratorium on practical Christian behavior, and the noble virtues that are displayed in wartime have a very different inspiration. After the war Christianity will have to pay for this, in a world sickened by war.

As against this, one must reckon the

increasing perplexity of many who wonder whether a world reduced to such barbarism can ever have been on the right path. This causes renewed interest in Christianity, and it may cause also a serious inquiry, on the part of Christians as well as non-Christians, about the true spiritual state of Christianity itself. And in this lies the best—I should say, the one—hope for the future. If Christians themselves have the courage and intelligence to examine their own consciences as they seek to solve the perplexities of a world at war, there remains a chance that Christian truth and Christian values may play an effective part in the building of the postwar world.

Luckily perhaps, the spirit of God and the spirit of Christianity is not amenable to measurement. In the long run Christianity produces its effects on the world, not through study and talk and good resolutions, but through reborn souls. It is this individual person and that individual person who must be converted to a higher and deeper way of life, not man in the abstract, nor even the nation. Christ Himself changed the current of history, and a single St. Francis profoundly affected the ways of men. And no one can foretell the possible effects on the postwar world of what may be going on, unseen and unheard, in the hearts of many who perceive—and surely never with greater evidence—the vanity of the structures which contemporary man has tried to erect in worship of himself.

Any Old Stamps?

Purposive philately

Adapted from an article in the *Apostle of Mary**

After the miracle of the loaves and fishes, our Lord commanded: "Gather up the fragments that remain, lest they be lost." Among the fragments that mission-minded Catholics may gather is the lowly postage stamp. One postage stamp is not much, nor is one grain of sand, nor one drop of water. But millions of sand grains make the mighty beaches, and millions of drops of water make it possible to float a 35,000-ton battleship. And, millions of common postage stamps constitute a valuable source of revenue for the missions.

Many of the mission congregations have established stamp bureaus. The financial results are considerable. One Order has realized more than \$800 in a few years, a tidy sum for a worthy cause.

Naturally, some stamps are worth more than others. When old letters are found—in the attic, or in an old closet, or in the partitions when you wreck the house—they should not be torn from the envelopes. Old stamps are always worth more on the covers.

With all the censored mail being received nowadays, many envelopes arrive with the military and naval censor markings on them. In these cases, also, the whole envelope should be saved and sent to the stamp bureau of your choice. Fair returns are received from the sale of these to collectors who in this way have been afforded the oppor-

tunity of adding a new specialty to their collecting.

It is important to leave a generous margin of at least one-half inch of paper around the stamp when tearing the common stamps from the envelopes. The stamp should not be peeled off; that usually results in a torn stamp, and torn stamps cannot be sold—except as wastepaper. The common 1c, 1½c, 2c and 3c stamps are sold by the pound, including the paper on which they are pasted.

What is done with these millions of common stamps? That is a fair question, and one that is asked frequently. Well, stamp collectors search through them for different kinds of cancellations, for plate breaks, scratches in the design, double impressions, inverted centers, and a hundred other oddities.

Feeling patriotic, you may be inclined to save stamps for the government so that the dye may be recovered. That would be a good idea—were it not a fairy tale! The amount of dye secured would not be worth the time or trouble involved in recovering it. It has been tried.

Stamps can be obtained from your own mail or from friends and relatives, especially those who work in offices and stores. If they feel the burden of saving *all* stamps is too great, they could be asked to save at least the postage from parcel-post mail. The stamps on these packages are usually of higher

value than 3c, and there is a great variety of stamps on such packages. Another rich source of stamps is the bank. The Federal Reserve Banks ship money to member banks by mail and since all this currency is insured, stamps of higher values, such as \$1, \$2 and \$5 stamps are used.

What do the mission stamp bureaus do with the stamps, once they receive them? They search through them and grade them. All torn or otherwise damaged stamps go into the wastepaper pile, unless they happen to be samples of very rare issues. If such rare stamps are found damaged, they are repaired. After separation, the good stamps, except those sold by the pound, are soaked from the paper on which they

are pasted, sorted, and sold to stamp dealers or directly to stamp collectors.

Some of the mission bureaus make up albums, offered to collectors, or raffled. They also make up "approval" sheets and packets to facilitate their sale to collectors. Approvals are stamps sent out for inspection to collectors upon request, all unpurchased stamps to be returned.

Among the more desirable stamps are domestic commemoratives, stamps of higher denominations, stamps of any denomination with the plate numbers at the edge of sheets still attached, and foreign stamps. "First-day" covers are also in big demand. A lightly cancelled stamp is always more valuable than one heavily struck.



Good Neighbors?

The activity of Protestant missions and similar organizations is increasing greatly throughout South America. It appears that the missionaries who are being recalled in great numbers from the war zones of Europe and Asia are being transferred rapidly to stations in the Western Hemisphere. A boat of the Chilean Line arriving at Valparaiso during Father William Ferree's stay in Chile was reported as almost completely filled with Protestant missionaries from the U. S.; and the ecclesiastical authorities in Uruguay reported that the Protestant propaganda had increased tremendously in the last six months—often with more success than previously.

The *Apostle of Mary* (Nov. '41).

Montezuma

American Douai

By COURtenay SAVAGE

Condensed from the *St. Anthony Messenger**

It was our first visit to Mexico. The full moon added brilliance to the lure of the plaza, so we started out.

We walked slowly past the half-empty cafés whose blaring loud-speakers were shrilling tangos and rhumbas, and paused to listen to a soapbox orator do a political harangue. On the billboards near the bandstand were gaudy posters announcing bullfights and a fiesta. At the far end of the plaza a street of lighted stalls advertised that the market was still open. Beyond, at the top of this street, towering black against the star-spangled canopy of sky we saw the church.

Slowly, halting now and then to look at trays of foodstuffs or booths of craftwork, we climbed the hill to the church. We tried the front door, then walked around to the side. Both were locked. A middle-aged, black-shawled woman had been watching us and as we turned from the second door she asked, "Catholics?" making the soft-spoken words almost a plea.

"Catholics," we told her.

She looked at us intently, then with a despairing, hopeless gesture that was more eloquent than her broken English, she motioned toward the church, and drawing her black shawl closer about her face, she went away.

We knew what she had tried to tell us. Like hundreds of other churches

in Mexico it had been closed by the authorities.

A picture of that woman, and of the dark, towering building with its cross-crowned towers, came vividly back across the years when our automobile turned the corner of a New Mexican highway last summer, and there, against the mountainside, we first saw the seminary of Montezuma, a few miles from Las Vegas, N. Mex. Here young men, denied the privilege of seminary training in their native country, were safely preparing themselves for the priesthood.

The ordeal that the Church has suffered in Mexico is not so well known that it cannot stand retelling. During the persecution of 1925-28 the Calles government called on local and state authorities to restrict the number of Catholic priests. At the same time the Calles government enforced the provision of the national constitution which restricted to native-born Mexicans the right to function as ministers of religion.

The foreign-born priests, many of them men who had worked in Mexico for generations, were arrested and held for deportation. In some of the states native priests were hunted down and murdered. One of these was the famed Jesuit, Father Pro, whose martyrdom will always remain a stain on the politi-

*1615 Republic St., Cincinnati, Ohio. May, 1942.

cal history of the regime under which he lived.

The administering, and receiving, of the sacraments became dangerous, and Mass was celebrated in private homes where men and women gathered under the cover of darkness. Religious marriages were practically impossible, and when the state realized that homes were being used for services a ruling was passed that allowed authorities to confiscate any private home so used. All Catholic schools were closed, and the Sisters were driven from their hospitals and orphanages. In many parts of the country members of Religious Orders were not allowed to live as a community.

It has since been estimated that the 1925-28 persecution cut the number of priests in Mexico from 4,000 to 400. One of the effects of such anticlerical rules was the impossibility of training young Mexicans for the priesthood. There were bishops who fled to the mountains and took their seminarians with them. Archbishop Francisco Orozco y Jimenes of Guadalajara went to the mountains of El Alto with his seminary. In 1926 he brought six graduates from this seminary to the Indian city of Tlaquepaque and ordained them for the priesthood. Within three days after their ordination three of these young priests were captured and killed.

The hierarchy of the U. S., of course, was always extremely conscious of conditions south of the Rio Grande. The closing of churches, the brutal treatment of priests, was something about which they could do very little. But

as the years of persecution continued, they determined there was one condition in Mexico that could be righted. They could arrange for young men who wished to study for the priesthood to do so in safety. A committee of bishops on the Mexican seminary was formed, with Bishop Mark Gannon of Erie as chairman.

The background of Montezuma is as romantic as it is colorful. The Santa Fe railroad, which had been pushed across the plains through Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona toward the coast, decided to build a resort in the Sangre de Cristo mountains outside Las Vegas. On a high knoll in the pine-studded canyon formed by the Gallinas river, the first million-dollar hotel in the West was erected. When it was opened in 1880 it served as a playground for the millionaires from the East as well as for the various famous and infamous western characters of the day.

The first hotel burned in 1881. The second burned in 1885 but was immediately reconstructed on a more lavish scale. The third structure, which still stands, covers three acres and contains over 300 rooms.

The passing of the "plush" era hurt the hotel of Montezuma. In 1903, its huge doors were locked. Under the watchful eye of the caretaker the building basked in its memories.

Some years later the Santa Fe sold Montezuma and its 800 acres to the Y. M. C. A. for a dollar. But the organization had very little practical use for the place. Later a Bible film com-

pany used the hotel as a studio for a short time, finally turning it over to the city of Las Vegas. Once again Montezuma became a neglected mansion in the mountains.

Business men of Las Vegas, thinking that the big building and its grounds held possibilities as a college, next presented the property to the Baptists of New Mexico, their stipulation being that equipment and provisions for the college must be purchased in Las Vegas. As an added inducement a purse of \$2,500 accompanied the gift. But the college was not a success. About ten years ago the Baptists left the valley, and Montezuma was again deserted.

It was in May, 1937, that the bishops' committee purchased the building and land from the Baptist college for the sum of \$19,000.

Approximately \$350,000 was needed to make the building safe and suitable for the 352 young seminarians who arrived in September to be trained under Mexican Jesuits, the Jesuit Order having been specially chosen by the Pope to conduct the seminary. By spring, 31 seminarians had completed their theology and were ready for ordination.

There are three classes of students at Montezuma, the theologians, who live in the main building, the students of philosophy who live in a building of their own, and the younger Latin scholars who occupy a large frame house at the foot of the hill, below the main structure.

The students, as volunteers, have

played a tremendous part in the rehabilitating of Montezuma. They have cleaned up the grounds, painted and repaired outbuildings, dug irrigation ditches, rebuilt rock walls and terraces.

The seminarians are encouraged to learn more than philosophy and theology. Among other duties, they mend their own shoes and clothing. They learn typewriting and mimeographing, book repairing and binding. They have built their own brick oven. All this experience will furnish valuable training for the missionary labors these young men will face when they return to Mexico. During the first four years a number of men completed the studies they had started in Mexico. The 73 who finished in 1941 were the first theologians to receive all their training in New Mexico.

Conditions in Mexico are better now than they were five or six years ago. For this reason these young priests will have the opportunity of working openly in Mexico. In some provinces persecution is still a matter of policy or an attitude of mind. The best that can be said for the future of a young priest working in Mexico is that it will be "uncertain." It is possible, of course, that a new law will wipe out the present edicts and assure the permanence of Mexican seminaries, but so far there has been no change in the Constitution, and no bishop is permitted to establish a seminary in his diocese. Religious instruction in schools is still universally prohibited.

Canada's Price Ceiling

By JANET R. KEITH

Condensed from the Washington Post*

What housewives shouldn't hit

Women spend most of the nation's consumer income, and no price-control legislation can ever be enforced unless women are willing to back it to the limit.

In December Canada placed a ceiling over prices and wages. Declaring a certain four-week period in September and October of last year to be the basic period, the government declared that no goods or services were to change hands after Dec. 1 at a rate higher than that prevailing in the basic period. So far so good. But every retail store had its own set of basic prices. Jones, the cut-rate grocer, was selling tomato soup at 10c a can during the basic period; Powell, the exclusive grocer, was selling the same soup for 15c. If every little store in Canada had a different price ceiling, how could the government possibly check up on everyone? It couldn't, of course. The only people who could do it were the Canadian women responsible for spending family incomes.

The Wartime Prices and Trade Board appealed to every woman, whether she was buying a bag of flour in a western prairie town or a model hat in an exclusive city shop, to guard that price ceiling. The women gladly rallied to the cause.

As soon as the price ceiling went into effect, delegates from the 18 national

women's organizations came to Ottawa to consult with the chairman of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board. They volunteered to enlist their total membership as price-enforcement officers.

Explicit instructions on how best to maintain the price ceiling were broadcast over a nation-wide radio hookup.

"Here's what you should do first," said Donald Gordon, chairman of the board. "Write down a list of all the things you buy most frequently. Enter food and clothing items particularly. Add to your list the articles you buy at the drugstore, the hardware store, or any other stores at which you shop. Run lines down each page dividing it into four columns. In the first column enter the list of goods you buy, in the second enter details of quality and type, in the third column write the name of the store. In the last column write down the highest price which the stores where you shop were charging for each article in the period of Sept. 15 to Oct. 11. If you can't get all the prices charged during that period, write down today's prices.

"Whenever you buy a product consult your list. Once in a while you may say, 'The price this dealer is charging is above his price ceiling.' Perhaps he has made a mistake, so bring the matter to his attention at once. If you dis-

cover what seems to be a deliberate evasion of the price-ceiling law, report the fact to the nearest office of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board."

The government now issues a little blue book, which every woman is expected to keep in her purse and use every time she goes shopping.

The center pages are ruled into columns for listing alphabetically articles bought, quality, basic price, date, and rise in price, if any. If all the women in Canada keep track of everything they buy as they go about their day-to-day business of spending 80% of the country's consumer income, prices cannot possibly rise.

Women are not asked to be detectives spying on their merchants. They are reminded that most merchants are cooperating with the government to the full. No complaints are to be reported unless they have been brought to the attention of the storekeeper. Shoppers are not out to cause trouble, but if any dealer should try to poke his prices up through the ceiling, he would find a woman with a notebook standing on guard.

To bring about a better understanding between housewives and govern-

ment, the Wartime Prices and Trade Board has organized a consumer branch. Its purpose is to interpret new government regulations to consumers, and present to the government the problems and suggestions of Canadian women. At its head is Byrne Hope Sanders, wife, mother, and editor of one of Canada's leading women's magazines.

Last fall she and Mme. Pierre Casgrain, an outstanding figure in the Canadian political scene, toured the Dominion from coast to coast. In every city they held mass meetings of women, explaining the meaning of price control and asking for suggestions from the women themselves.

The consumer branch, in cooperation with women's organizations, has now established a network of committees and liaison officers all across the country.

The women of Canada are taking very seriously their responsibility toward the country's wartime economy. As Leon Henderson said after a trip to Canada last fall, "A nation's price-sensitive housewives make as good a staff of investigators as a price boss could ask for."



Beginnings...XXXVI...

ARIZONA

First priest: Fray Marcos de Niza, O.F.M., in 1539.

First Mass: By Fray Marcos in 1539, or by him or one of two other Franciscans who crossed Arizona with Coronado in 1540.

First Baptism: One of the 800 converts of Fray Porras before 1633.

Gilbert J. Garraghan in *Mid-America* (April '39).

The Middle American Man

By CHARLES MORROW WILSON

Condensed from a book*

Diagnosed and found sound

Central America represents a land area considerably larger than the portion of the U. S. east of the Mississippi. There is scarcely a square mile of all "Middle America" which is not actually or potentially vital to defense of the Panama canal, and to speak more generally, of the U. S.

These lands are trade associates of the U. S.—as much so, in some instances, as individual states of our Union. We in turn are trade dependencies of theirs. In the past they have had reason to distrust us and to accuse us of crass dollar diplomacy. Now that the tropical air is no longer murky with such accusations, we should launch a just and durable foreign policy. If the Americas are to survive, the Americas must stand together, today and tomorrow.

By colonization, legal interpretation, and division of citizen nationalities most of this Middle America is begotten of an earlier Spain. It is pre-eminently a succession of lands of Spanish blood and tradition, of dominant Catholic faith, of architectures born of old Spain and older jungles; a fascinating conglomerate of ancient cities and civilizations, of new frontiers, wet jungles, dry highlands, imposing mountains, giant forests, desert, flowering wilderness, high and abrupt divides, of vividly green and immensely fertile

valleys where vegetation is so exotically preoccupied with birth and growth that there is hardly time or space for death.

In the main, this Middle America is begotten of agrarian and social traditions that were part of a great Spain which no longer exists. Its dominant language is Spanish. So are its gracious gestures, its superb and traditional hospitalities, which remain social essentials—not mere veneers of etiquette.

The Middle American mind is also brilliantly revealing. Its traditional viewpoint, history, reservoirs of belief and philosophy are rather basically those of continental South America. But physically and commercially, the area is closer to the U. S. than to dominant trading centers of South America. Its newspapers consistently pay more heed to news of the U. S. than to that of any other American republic outside domestic boundaries. The prevailing direction of trade is dominantly north. Fashions and miscellaneous goods now show a preponderance of gringo influence. All of the Americas are melting pots: Central America, South America, and North America alike. It is highly probable that the average Middle American has a measure of Indian blood. It is still more probable that this Indian ancestry is one of which to be legitimately proud. Among those In-

*Central America: Challenge and Opportunity. 1941. Henry Holt and Co., New York City.
293 pp. \$3.

dians great civilizations were begotten, great cities were raised, enlightened governments and social orders were created a thousand years ago, indeed even 1,500 years ago. There is also the blood of Spaniards, and with it the tradition and temperament of an earlier and a great Spain. The Middle American is as proud of this Spanish blood as his South American brother is. The ways and attainments of colonial Spain remain very real to him, and their current implications are far-reaching.

With the blood of Spain goes the musical and illustrious Spanish language. With occasional and minor exceptions (principally Jamaica and the lesser British West Indies, where dialectal English is spoken), Spanish is the contemporary and ancestral tongue. It is perhaps the most beautiful language of man, and the most eagerly adopted. The composite Middle American probably knows English, or at least some words and phrases of English. He may have studied our language in his schools. He has almost certainly heard English spoken in motion pictures. He may have worked with or for the gringos. It is probable that he likes our language. But it is almost certain that he likes his own better, and we can never know him sufficiently until we know his language.

With his language there comes a usage of civil etiquette; to the newcomer a rather elaborate routine of curtsies and bows, of handshaking, hat lifting, and gracious gestures both oral

and physical. These gestures are indigenous to his language and life. Perhaps they are symbolic of the traditions of agrarian Spain merged with those of Indian aristocracies.

But in all they are a bona-fide mode of expression which calls for repayment in kind. Handshaking, amiable gestures, and gracious toasts belong in the everyday language and life of Middle America. If one is to know the lands, one does well to shake hands with boss and office boy alike; avoid brusqueness and refrain from introducing salesmanship or blunt trade talk into social conversation. The social propriety of Middle America is well rooted. Without pretentiousness or evasion it endures as a folkish gentility. Indeed, it portrays and interprets a certain caliber of American democracy.

The average man of Middle America is not necessarily a *caballero* or *gran don*. Nor does he represent himself as such. But he is a good man, *un buen hombre*. His viewpoint is cushioned by an essential kindness and tolerance. He makes few, if any, exacting demands of life or of his fellow men, and he expects that his merits of graciousness and courtesy will be returned in kind.

Broadly stated, and for rather logical reasons, the common U. S. estimate of the Middle American mind and scene has gradually changed from that of a bleary fiction pattern to a rather hysterical scramble of half-truths. On the whole, it seems that this dilemma results from misinformation.

Amiable fantasies, such as those

written by O. Henry and lesser fiction writers of his day, begot a more or less standard chromo of Middle America as the realm of beachcombers, droll tropical tramps, and habitual revolutions. This era of casual fiction was followed by one of grim rabble-rousing politics wherein certain of our presidents and cabinet members became bedfellows in "dollar diplomacy," landed marines and meddled not too innocently in domestic affairs of Cuba, Central America, and other lands of the Caribbean. With the first World War, this rationalized piracy became punctuated by occasional short-lived urges of "commercial fraternity," too many of which were too promptly abandoned.

In Central America, particularly, one may sometimes observe the old oft-mentioned *mozo* trick known as "cheating the *tortilla*." The *mozo*, or laborer, wraps a *tortilla* (flapjack) around a strip of beef. When dinner-time comes he sits in the shade, and squeezes the *tortilla* wrapper to make the hard beef slip upward into his mouth. Then he slips in another piece of meat, making the same *tortilla* last a long time; and the nitwit game is called cheating the *tortilla*—self-evidently a misnomer. For the *hombre* is cheating not the *tortilla*, but himself.

The typical Middle American is fully aware of the fallacies of *tortilla* cheating. But he is equally aware of the contemporary truth that *tortilla* cheating is being practiced in one way or another by numerous *hombres* who are not *mozos*. He can hardly help

noting the throngs of gringos who come down on sightseeing tours, and straightway and semipermanently become pickled, yell loud, curse loud, break furniture and windows, insult national citizens, disdain the Spanish language, and otherwise emulate the principle of *tortilla* cheating by robbing themselves of a sympathetic understanding of these great and beautiful Americas.

Other newcomers and shortcomers indulge in even more morbid orgies of *tortilla* cheating: nazi agents, fifth columnists, communists and Japanese spies.

In the main, these alien processions of alien *tortilla* cheaters are but cheating themselves. Their essential mission is to solicit and "convert." But this composite, if theoretical, citizen of Middle America is not a habituated joiner. He already knows his name, his faith, and his nationality. He burns with no particular ardor to join alien causes. He lives in his own world. He suffers no longing to be shackled or hog-tied with alien isms.

This composite man of Middle America is not a communist nor any other kind of political absolutist. His mentality is too enlightened for the trite dogmas of "mass classifications." He suffers no particular illusion that foreign isms of government and economy could be transferred bodily into his homeland.

In various ways the Middle Americas today are being catapulted into spectacular changes. In matters of transportation, for instance, Middle

America during the past decade probably has become the most air-minded region of the world. Every day, citizens who have never ridden in an automobile, some who have never seen a train, happily embark in planes and willingly pay fare for travel in any type of crate that can raise itself from the ground. Eagerly they overcome travel impediments incident to roadless jungles, high mountains, and flood-torn rivers. The common man of the land shows comparable talents for speedy adaptations to numerous other modern goods: radios, typewriters, refrigeration, plumbing, electrical equipment.

Yet in a measure these realities are easily misleading. For the man of Middle America, far more than we of North America, is still one with the past. At heart he has remained humble and unpretentious. Modernity, on the whole, has not seriously molested his elemental sincerity. It has not convincingly motivated his faking of aims or viewpoints. Conception of a bright new age has not dulled his imagery of an interesting and profoundly significant past. As a realist he is not easily tempted by the flattering promise of permanence. As an agrarian he is appreciative of the truth that jungle and mountains, flood plains and forests are more powerful than man; that they are older and also newer. He is clearly aware that the work of man is easily overcome by the potency of nature; that while man fights the jungle, by natural destinies the jungle may eventually take back man's work.

The Middle American mind appre-

ciates more clearly than ours the vital continuity between old and new. Palm shacks of yesterday can be rebuilt tomorrow. Sun, moon, and stars shine as they shone a thousand years ago. Indian peddlers with head baskets of candy, with carts filled with colored liquors, country wives who hang their washings flat on the ground and pound hell out of them with clubs, rural brides and grooms who live happily upon earthen floors, crossroad bakeries of Divine Providence and butcher-shops of Holy Peace are as real to Middle America today as they were centuries ago. Cities remain wrapped with many centuries and softened with the shadows of long ago, even though tin or tile roofs be cluttered with radio aerials. Old women still wear the traditional black. There is still prevalent strength of muscles: burden bearers with shoulder slings, forehead straps, and backs like those of prize fighters. Brawn keeps its role of vital utility. Freight and commerce still travel by human back. Bull drivers and pack-mule trains still trudge open roads. Cobblers, carpenters, and weavers still transport the materials of their trade by shoulder power. This Middle American is a contemporary citizen. But yesterday is definitely a part of his present as well as of his future.

This figurative typical citizen is be-gotten of traditional establishment. His preponderant faith is Catholic. As a Catholic he remains loyal to his Church and to its doctrines, an admirable loyalty which engenders an outstanding social anchorage. The elemental creed,

of the jungle fighter has been modified and enlightened by acceptance of a great faith which has endured through the centuries.

His state of independence is not arbitrary or highly touted. His concept of democracy is at least in substantial part economic. He is no habituated rebel. Discipline by Church, by environment, and by demanding economy has long since quieted the push-over urges of a casual revoltist. So the composite man of Middle America stands determinedly upon the earth of which he is an integral part.

His obligations are enormous. Each day lends them increase. A ruinous European war is wreaking havoc with markets for great Middle American exports such as coffee and timber, and with the agricultures and industries which support those exports. Economic destinies of this Middle America point preponderantly and inevitably toward the U. S. But this man of Middle America is no dole seeker. He is not asking handouts. And he is no quitter. He desires to live and to trade more plenteously. Fiction formulas to the contrary, he is willing to work in order to realize that desire.

For he is clearly aware of the great problems before him. He knows the vast contemporary challenge of government. It is probable that in terms of domestic politics he is far better informed than his gringo brother to the north. He is more pertinently aware than we of the essential necessity for honesty in government.

Tropical disease is still a fear-conjur-

ing ogre of Middle America. Despite casual assertions to the contrary, tropical disease is never completely beaten. In one way or another it survives. Malaria, hookworm, skin diseases, a hundred other potential maladies of hot countries are forever lurking in jungle shadows or in remote highlands. They can never be completely obliterated—neither the “bugs,” the mosquitoes, nor the all-menacing human carriers. The tropical diseases must be fought shrewdly and incessantly.

This battle against tropical disease is forever costly in money. Yet it is absolutely essential. For if disease wins, governments, schools, public works, and general business inevitably lose. If business fails, or flounders long in feebleness, disease will take over. In the tropics, abject poverty remains an open invitation to ruinous, fast-spreading maladies.

This is another good reason why the Middle American today means business when he talks business. Solvent trade is synonymous with established government and sovereignty. Love of land and fidelity to government are among the oldest and most admirable of all mortal affections. The Middle American is one with a preponderant agrarian race. He is possessed of deep political convictions. He is more or less inclined to be nationalist in viewpoint. In any case he bears the paramount conviction that his land and his nation are his own; and that they are not to be taken over by others.

Herein arises a gigantic problem in Pan-American relations, a problem

common to the U. S. and to most other American republics. It is today our prerogative and challenge to help our southern neighbors commercially without taking first mortgages on, or outright titles to, their lands, chattels, and freeman's rights. In casual theory or dinner-table conversation the challenge is easily answered. In workable technique of routine business the answer is anything but easy.

The average man is also a citizen of realistic expediencies. Though he is not unaware of problems of becoming he is specifically aware of the many urgent problems of being. Part of his nature is inevitably that of the mystic. But he also reckons in terms of tangibles today, for his present is tied into the past and into his future. In any case, pragmatism without mysticism seems essentially contradictory to the tropical environment.

Middle America remains a world stronghold of tradition — in politics, holidays, dancing, songs, courtship, mourning, and marriage. But the core of its tradition is sound, begotten and proved by generations of good living.

It is a mingling of religion, folk history, solvent science and shrewd philosophy. It is distinctly a challenge to liberal reflection, not arbitrary contradiction.

In all, the Middle American mind demonstrates the genius of durability, growing scarcer in the contemporary world. Its viewpoints, moods, and tempers have survived through centuries without cowardly disintegration or abject despair. During four and a half centuries this Middle America has known much of calamity and tragedy. Time and again it has been harassed by wars, pestilence, piracies, and alien tyrannies; by ruinous floods, earthquakes and hurricanes; by economic calamity at maximum severity. But through these chronicles of adversity, the distinctive, inimitable life and viewpoint of these Americas have endured. Free governments have been born, and throughout a turbulent and voracious century these governments have lived. This fact also proves the stability and sound merit of the common man of these Americas—his beliefs, ethics, temperament, and faith.



One Card to Another

When Cardinal Mercier was in this country during the war many of our universities were glad to take the opportunity to confer honorary degrees upon him. He himself was naturally and very properly proud of their recognition and, having an abiding sense of humor, he appreciated very much the quip of an American newspaper reporter that "they were making him an American by degrees."

Dr. James J. Walsh quoted in the *Catholic Review* (October '41).

No Niobe for a Mother

By a Navy Mother

Condensed from *Extension**

The worst things never happen

In an emergency such as this one, it is true that it is the man behind the gun that counts, but it is also true that it is the mother behind the man behind the gun that determines that man's morale. In a crisis, when a man must risk his life for his country, would you want your son to hesitate, because he was thinking, "My mother would not want me to risk my life; she could not stand it if anything happened to me, for I remember how she took on when I left and how, in her letters, she's always afraid of losing me." Brave mothers make for brave men. Weeping women weaken a man's courage.

"But what is the matter with my weeping privately when no one knows about it?" some mother will ask. The reason is because you can't hide your weeping from others; they will soon find out if you spend half of your time in tears. Your son, too, will sense your mournful attitude in your letters. After you have once given way to weeping, it will become easy for you to develop into a regular Niobe. One soldier recently saw his mother for only a few hours while en route to another camp. She cried hours before he arrived, shed tears most of the time she was with him, and wept after he left. That meeting only served to upset both of them instead of providing a happy reunion for two loyal patriots.

The courageous attitude a mother should assume is mainly a matter of controlling her emotions. One must make resolutions regarding weeping and keep them. Nothing distresses a boy so much as his mother's tears; nothing delights him more than her courage.

I shall never forget how I felt when my son left for the navy. I had gone with him to another city for his physical examination and we parted there. When the train pulled out I felt that a part of me was leaving, too, but I would not weep. I was alone, as my husband was unable to make the trip with us. Immediately after my son left (about 5 p. m.) I went to a movie, then to the hotel to write post cards and letters to my friends until I got sleepy.

The following day I drove the 120 miles home alone. We can meet almost any situation if we make up our minds to do it.

It was the first time our son had ever been away from us, save for Scout camping, but I was determined that I should not give way to weeping. Upon my return home I found my maid had left. This proved somewhat of a salvation as I had plenty of hard work until I got another. Keeping busy constitutes the best means of cheating the "worry bird." If you sit down and think over your troubles, and give way

*360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. May, 1942.

to your own feelings, you will drown in your own tears. Any activity which occupies the mind serves as an escape. Taking a brisk walk in the sunshine will benefit both your physical and mental condition. Pursuing hobbies is to be recommended. Any kind of war work should be consoling, as you will know that you are doing your bit for your son and your country.

The first two weeks after I returned home I fought my hardest battles with worry during the very early morning hours, about two or three o'clock. My plan was to get up very early and go to work—cleaning closets, writing letters, all the many tasks I had planned for so long.

The other day, while downtown shopping, I heard one shopper say to another, "My son has been transferred to another location and is not allowed to tell me where he is. I came downtown to forget." I thought, "What a wise woman!" We need not be mere gadabouts in seeking an escape, but whatever relieves the mind is the solution of our troubles. Association with others is always beneficial, unless you happen to contact a "sob sister" who tells you she can't stand her son's being away from home and doesn't see how you can stand yours being away. Such company should be avoided.

Writing a cheerful letter to your son each day, carefully omitting mention of any danger he may be in, or any worries you may have about his safety, will help both of you. Your correspondence will be like a daily visit with him. Tell him all of the good news, not that

Mrs. Newcomb dropped dead while her son was at sea and he couldn't come home for the funeral; or that three of Mrs. Brown's sons were killed at Pearl Harbor and the fourth one can't be found. Above all, avoid any mention of disasters: sailors lost at sea, soldiers killed in maneuvers and similar tragic events. Write instead about the boys and girls whom your boy knows. Encourage his friends to call and tell you the news. Collect clippings of weddings, parties, college activities, lists of men leaving for service to enclose with your letters.

Don't let the fact that a censor reads your mail cramp your style. You can find plenty to write about. Being a writer, I always keep within reach a pad and pencil, whether in my purse, in my desk or on my bedside table. Throughout the day and during the evening, while I read in bed, I jot down items which I feel certain will interest my son.

Every bit of war work you do and everything you do for your boy will make you feel better. Send him useful gifts; money, razor blades, shaving cream, toothpaste, soap or a book will please him. If he enjoys sweets, it will give you a great deal of pleasure preparing his favorite cookies or candies and packing them attractively for mailing. You will derive far more satisfaction from rendering him some service than from indulging in a "good cry." That term is contradictory — no cry could possibly be good under the circumstances.

A woman remarked to me the other

day, "You are the jolly type of person, perfectly healthy. I know I can't stand my boy's leaving me as well as you have yours, because my health is poor; my nerves bother me." I didn't remind her that most middle-aged mothers have nerves, that the more they brood over their physical ailments, the worse they feel. Too many people think only of themselves; they break down their own morale with self-pity.

If you don't believe the emotions can be controlled think of our President who, while experiencing the grief of losing his mother, had to put aside his own personal feelings to meet the critical situation of our country at the time. Few who saw the movie made of him, with his mourning band on his arm, his face worn with worry as he discussed the grave national crisis will ever forget the picture he made. There was no selfish thought of himself during that crisis, although his face showed evidences of sorrow.

It may help many mothers if they spend some time thinking of the many advantages of army life. Sensible mothers can console themselves with

the thought that military training is excellent for their son because of regular habits, exercise in the fresh air, proper food, correct discipline. These things prove equally as valuable as a college education. In addition many of the boys will visit places they otherwise would never have had the opportunity to see. To scores of mothers and sons it means "cutting the apron strings"—throwing the boys on their own responsibility. If mothers can think of all this as being a special schooling, it should be a source of solace to them. I am sorry to have to say that most of the complaints about the army and navy come from the mothers. Practically all the boys in the service are enthusiastic about the life they lead.

We "military mothers" will be happiest if we are content to live from day to day, keeping busy constantly and refusing to conjure up imaginary disasters. While we know there must be some bloodshed, we should put our sons in God's hands and resolve to look upon the bright side of life, for, as a rule, the worst of our troubles never come to us.



In Bataan one time I slipped into a foxhole during a particularly heavy bombing attack. There was a sergeant in the foxhole, too, and he squeezed to one side to make room for me, and then all hell broke loose, and I wasn't surprised to find myself praying out loud.

The sergeant was praying, too. He prayed almost as loud as I did. When the attack was over I turned to him and said, "Sergeant, I noticed you were praying."

"Sir," he said, without batting an eye, "there are no atheists in foxholes!"

Lieut. Col. Warren J. Clear quoted by N.C.W.C. (18 April '42).

A Catholic Mind

By F. J. SHEED

Condensed from a leaflet*

Landscape in the sun

We have a Catholic will if we do what the Church says; but we have a Catholic mind only when we see what the Church sees—that is to say, when we see the same universe that the Church sees, and consciously live in it.

In that sense not many of us have Catholic minds. When we look at the universe, we see pretty well what other people see, with a few extra features taught us by our religion. For the most part, the same influences that form their minds, form ours—the same newspapers, periodicals, best sellers, films, radio programs. So that we have not so much Catholic minds as worldly minds with Catholic patches. We wear our Catholicism like a badge on the lapel of the same kind of suit that everyone else is wearing.

If that seems too sweeping a statement, consider what the Church *does* see when she looks at the universe. She sees all things held in existence from moment to moment by the continuing will of God. Do we? It is not merely a matter of knowing that this is so. Do we see it so? If we don't, then we aren't mentally living in the same world as the Church.

What's more, we aren't seeing things as they are, for that is how they are. If you saw a coat hanging on a wall and did not realize that it was held there by a hook, you would not be liv-

ing in a real world, but in some fantastic world of your own in which coats defied the law of gravity and hung on walls by their own power. If we see things (men, for example; ourselves, for example) and do not in the same act see God holding them in being, then equally we are living in a fantastic world, not the real world. Seeing all things in God is not a matter of sanctity, but of sanity, because God is everywhere and all things are upheld by Him. To overlook His presence is not simply to be irreligious: it is a kind of insanity.

That, of course, is only the beginning of what the Church sees when she looks at the universe. Her values and judgments similarly take account of all the relevant factors, not only of those that are immediately under her nose. She never sees a man without in the same act seeing Adam's sin, and the redemption and the judgment. In the matter of human conduct, it is a mere matter of course that the will of God is the only sane rule to act by, since it is the sole reason why we exist at all: sin, however pleasant at the moment, is a kind of imbecility all the same, since clearly we cannot hope to gain anything by running counter to the will which alone holds us in being.

Now it would be plainly frivolous for most of us to pretend we see things

*On Catholic masterpieces. Sheed & Ward, 63 5th Ave., New York City. February, 1942.

like that. We know about the Blessed Trinity, and the incarnation, and infinity and eternity, and our own creation from nothing; but much in the manner that we know that the sum of the angles of a triangle is two right angles, or that Washington's name was George. They are things that we know, but we have not got them into our landscape: they are extras, immeasurably more important to us than such mathematical or historical bits and pieces. We do not see them as a matter of course; we see them only when we advert to them.

The test of anyone's mind is what is in his mental landscape. And it is not enough that we should see the same things as other people, plus the things the Church teaches us. The things that we and they see will not look the same or be the same, because what the Church teaches affects even the things already in the landscape, the things of ordinary experience. It's like a physical landscape at sunrise: it isn't

that you see the things you saw before and now find yourself seeing the sun as well. You see everything sun bathed.

The upshot is that the Church is living in one world (which happens to be the real world) and we are living in another. One practical consequence is that the laws of conduct the Church promulgates, moral laws generally, are the natural and obvious laws of the real world and would seem so to us if we were mentally living in it; whereas in the twilight world we are living in, they often seem odd and unreasonable, which does not make obedience any easier. Our problem is to have our minds "master" the Church's landscape, habituate themselves to it, move about easily in it, be at home in it. We must become fully conscious citizens of the real world. When we thus have a Catholic mind, we can apply it to special problems, like the social order. We are not likely to cast full light upon the social order while we ourselves are living in the half-dark.



Risk Before Gain

What are the lessons that are to be drawn from the tragic story [of the fall of France]? Most of them are so obvious that I need not call attention to them, but one I must insist upon: if a nation values anything more than freedom, it will lose its freedom; and the irony of it is that if it is comfort or money that it values more, it will lose that too. And when a nation has to fight for its freedom, it can only hope to win if it possesses certain qualities: honesty, courage, loyalty, vision and self-sacrifice. If it does not possess them, it has only itself to blame if it loses its freedom.

From *Strictly Personal* by W. Somerset Maugham (Doubleday, Doran, 1941).

Persecution in Japan

Hate will find a way

By JAMES BRODRICK, S.J.

Condensed from the London *Tablet**

Ieyasu, who founded the Tokugawa shogunate (c. 1600), which was to control the destinies of Japan for 250 years, did not at first openly molest the Christians, though, as a fervent Buddhist, he detested the Christian name. It is recorded that he even lent money to the Jesuits and was very amiable to the Franciscans—purely, however, in the interests of trade. He bided his time, content in the beginning to eliminate by any available foul means one after another of the Christian daimio from the political scene. When those pillars of the hated new religion had been induced to apostatize, or were murdered or driven into exile, he would be more at liberty to deal with the missionaries and their humbler disciples. Meanwhile the faith developed, though for a third time, in the year 1600, the Jesuits had 87 of their churches burned to the ground.

The best-known modern historian of the missions, Léon Pagès, has estimated that by the year 1605 there were 750,000 Christians in Japan. Others put the figure higher, and it certainly seems likely that, before the general persecution began in 1614, the million mark had been passed. Nor did this period of comparative peace lack its martyrs, for the names are known of 65 men, women and even little children, who were decapitated or cruci-

fied simply and solely because of their Christian profession. From the turn of the century onwards, small bands of Spanish Franciscans, Dominicans and Augustinians came regularly from the Philippines to venture their lives in the great apostolate. All those men lived in the direst poverty, always in movement, instructing, baptizing, hearing countless confessions, until sometimes they fell in their very tracks through weariness. And they knew well, long in advance, what fate was in store for them.

In 1613 the bishop of Japan, Luis Serqueyra, S.J., wrote to Philip III, King of united Portugal and Spain: "Among the principal helps to perseverance inspired by the Holy Ghost in the Christians' hearts has been the formation of associations which admit only those who are resolved to die for the faith. The members hold frequent conferences to strengthen one another in the faith, and to encourage devotion, under the special patronage of the blessed Virgin. These holy exercises have spread now throughout the entire country, and the children, aged ten and upwards, have formed similar sodalities, with rules appropriate to their years." In this as in so many other ways the Church in Japan reminds us forcibly of the Church in the pagan Roman empire, which also, in its

*12 Queen Victoria St., Reading, England. March 14, 1942.

heroic hour, organized "Confraternities of Martyrdom."

The expected storm broke with great violence on Jan. 27, 1614. By an edict published that day Ieyasu stringently enjoined the 300 daimio of Japan to arrest and send to Nagasaki all Christian missionaries, foreign or native, found in their dominions, for subsequent transportation to Macao or Manila. They were, further, to destroy all Christian churches and buildings without exception, and to compel the native converts by any means, no matter how severe, to abandon the foreign religion. This edict, at least prompted by the anti-Catholic malice and trade rivalry of certain European commercial interests, alleged that the missionaries sought political control of Japan. It has a direct and intimate bearing on the brutal orders issued to the Japanese air force in the small hours of the morning of Dec. 7, 1941, for it signalized the utter rejection of Christianity, the one influence capable of tempering the insane pride of Japan.

The daimio in general, remembering the good old days which the shogun had ended, showed no particular zeal in carrying out his orders. Only the apostate Christians among them and a few ardent Buddhists threw themselves into the work with any enthusiasm. Practically all the churches and Religious houses of the Christians were destroyed; 85 Jesuits and eight friars were herded on miserable junks and conveyed out of Japan; hundreds of native converts were driven from their homes into desert places or cast into

foul prisons; and groups of them, 70 of whose names we know, were done barbarously to death after the most horrible tortures. But Ieyasu was preoccupied just then with the grand-state apotheosis of Taiko Hideyoshi, as well as with the final elimination of Hideyori, the taiko's son. The elimination of the Christians had to be postponed.

The scenes at Nagasaki on the eve of the expulsion of the missionaries bore a resemblance, someone said, to what may happen at the end of the world. From far and wide the faithful crowded into the town to receive a last absolution and the Holy Communion that might so easily be their Viaticum. The churches of the Dominicans and the Jesuits had not yet been destroyed. As night fell, the Fathers, in the presence of their weeping flock, consumed the remaining Hosts, extinguished the sanctuary lamp, and removed the veil from the tabernacle. Then the altar was stripped, as on Good Friday. It was indeed the Good Friday of the Church of Japan. But 27 Jesuits, seven Dominicans, seven Franciscans, one Augustinian, and five native secular priests eluded the shogun and remained at their posts. Hardly a man of them but died eventually in the flames or on a gibbet. The Franciscan Father Diego was captured and thrown into a prison so foul that in a short time he found himself a leper from head to foot. When men died in this prison from thirst or starvation, their bodies were not removed for eight days, and thus it would happen, wrote Father Diego, that a living man would find

himself wedged for a week between two corpses, unable to move because there was no space at all, only a solid mass of dead, or dying, or raving-mad humanity. Yet somehow the marvelous priest managed to instruct and baptize 70 of those unhappy victims of Japanese injustice.

Ieyasu, or Daifusama, as he is often called, died in 1616 leaving as his most solemn testament to his son and heir, Hidetada, the task of destroying Christianity. The new shogun is reputed to have been personally mild, but he reserved no mercy for any priests or lay Catholics whom his energetic agents succeeded in capturing. The pains those agents took in the hunt for victims were extraordinary: they burned down whole forests to smoke out a priest, or devastated a countryside so that he might be compelled by starvation to surrender. Many were captured. On Sept. 2, 1622, nine Jesuits, eight Dominicans and three Franciscans were slowly roasted to death at Nagasaki, in the presence of 100,000 Christians and pagans. The fires were lit at eight o'clock in the morning, and so ingeniously arranged that the last of the heroic martyrs did not expire till midnight. Hidetada's short reign accounted for the death of more than 300 Christians, including little children, three, five and seven years old. Most of these have been beatified, but thousands of others whose names and sufferings are known only to God, also certainly perished. Letters written by many of the lay martyrs remain to attest what manner of men and women

they were. Even at this distance of time, it is difficult to read them with unblurred eyes, so free are they of any trace of fanaticism, so full of tender human affection and modesty and invincible cheerfulness.

With the succession to the shogunate in 1623 of Hidetada's son, Iyemitsu, the persecution of the Christians became a crescendo of horror, culminating in the massacre of Shimabara in 1637, when approximately 40,000 Christians, men, women, and children, were slaughtered in cold blood for their faith. We are not dependent on Catholic evidence for a knowledge of what happened. There were on the scene sturdy Dutch Calvinists, servants of the Jan Company, one of whom, Francis Caron, recorded his observations. The following are a few sentences from an old English version of his book: "These cruel idolaters, seeing that death in what shape soever was not terrible enough to affright those resolved saints to an apostacy, forced the women and more tender maids to go upon their hands and feet, bowing, dragging them naked in the presence of thousands through the streets; that done, they caused them to be ravished by ruffians and villains, and then throwing them so stripped and abused into great tubs full of snakes and adders. Some they clothed with sods, and poured hot scalding water continually upon them till they died, which dured two or three days according to the strength of the party. Many more were put into pen-folds upon the seashore, and kept there half their time dry and

half wet, being every tide overflowed by the sea, which lasted ordinarily ten or 12 days. These bloody executioners put out the parents' eyes, and placing their little children by them, pinched and plagued them whole days long, enforcing them with tears of blood to call and cry to their helpless fathers and mothers for an end of their sufferings. All these miseries, too long and too many to relate, were borne by the poor Christians with constancy, to a miracle. At last they found a more hellish and exquisite way of torturing than before; they hung these sufferers by the heels, their heads in pits, which to give the blood some vent they slashed lightly crossways, and in this posture they live several days and speak sensibly to the very last."

The number of Christians done to death for their faith before the close of Iyemitsu's reign was estimated by a Japanese historian, Arai Hakuseki, writing in an official capacity in the early 17th century, at between 200,000 and 300,000. By the year 1639 there were only four Jesuits left alive in Japan, and these swiftly followed the dolorous way of their brethren. Two other groups numbering 11 priests attempted to obtain a footing in 1642 and 1643, but were all soon captured and killed. After that Japan remained hermetically sealed to all foreigners, whether merchants or missionaries, until in 1708 the Sicilian secular priest, John Baptist Sidotti, Father Herbert Thurston's favorite among the world's heroes, went on his glorious forlorn adventure. But in spite of the savage

measures taken by the totalitarian state to exterminate it, Christianity, torn and bleeding, diminished to a shadow of its former splendor, survived. A commission for the detection of Christians, the *Kirishitan-Bugiō*, was set up at Tokyo and continued to function until the second half of the 19th century. When at last in 1854 the Japanese authorities, persuaded by the guns of Commodore Perry, reluctantly agreed to have dealings with the rest of mankind, there were still to be seen in every city and village of Japan notice boards detailing the rewards awaiting denouncers of Christians. Nevertheless, when in 1858, at the intercession of the French government, Msgr. Petitjean was permitted to open a little church in Nagasaki, he discovered 30,000 Christians in that area alone, or, rather, they discovered him. Once assured that he was a true priest, in communion with "the Great Chief of the Kingdom of Rome," they delightedly plied him with questions about *O Deous Sama*, *O Yaso Sama*, *Santa Maria Sama*, and *O Yaso Samana yo fu*: God, the Lord Jesus, the Lady Saint Mary, and the adoptive father of Jesus. Without priests or sacraments or any help except the grace of God those wonderful families had baptized their children and kept the faith through ten generations.

It is probable that there were as many as 200,000 such hidden Catholics then living in Japan. In 1867 several of them were tortured and put to death for their religion at Nagasaki. A year later, during the revolution which

overthrew the shogunate and restored to the mikado his long-lost authority, 4,000 Catholics were condemned to penal servitude in quarries and mines, where a large number died under the tortures and hardship inflicted on them by brutal jailers. To buy their liberty, all that they had to do was to renounce Christianity. As of old, many small children were included among the victims, and women and girls suffered the usual Japanese indignities. The persecution which in a few years gave 2,000 new martyrs to the Church continued unabated, despite the energetic protests

of England, France and other nations, until in 1873 the new government of the mikado issued a decree granting liberty to all religions.

It has been possible in the foregoing to give only the merest headings of a very heroic story which even today casts a beam of hope in the pagan darkness of Japan. If the persecutors were Japanese, so also were the persecuted, and, in the long run, which is so short in the eyes of God, the old saying has never yet been invalidated that the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church.



Catholics do not wear medals as charms to preserve them from physical harm. Now and then, however, God permits a medal to be the instrument of bodily safety in order to strengthen our faith. Not long ago war correspondents sent in a human-interest story about Second Lieut. Clarence S. Sanford, American pursuit pilot, whose life was saved because of the cruciform medal he wore. Lieutenant Sanford had become lost in the South Pacific after he was separated from five other American fighter planes. When his fuel ran low, he was forced down into the gulf of Carpentaria which indents Australia on the north. He was more than two miles from Bremer Island, but he stripped off his clothes and started swimming. Exhausted, he collapsed on the beach to be awakened later with the points of spears on his chest. Two natives were looking down at him in no friendly manner. Then suddenly their expressions changed as their eyes lighted on the cruciform medal hanging about Sanford's neck. In halting English, one said, "All right, Jesus No. 1 Man." The native helped the exhausted flyer to a near-by mission, the only civilized spot within 500 miles. Eventually Sanford made his way back to Darwin.

Ave Maria (2 May '42).

Highway Across the Hemisphere

Condensed from *Las Americas**

Road to understanding

The shift in the balance of power occasioned by the war in Europe and Asia and its spread to the New World has altered the basic economic and military patterns of the Western Hemisphere. In this titanic international clash, the unfinished Pan-American highway will soon assume a major role in the defense of the Americas.

Conceived 18 years ago, the pattern of the highway is the greatest road construction task of all time. Stretching 16,000 miles from the Arctic frost of Alaska, the highway winds its way through Canada, the U. S. and Central America, across the lofty 16,000-foot heights of the Andes cordillera on the Pacific slope of South America down to the dusty Argentine pampas and across the beaches and jungles of Brazil. The great international artery traverses 19 countries in North, Central, and South America, and will ultimately include Cuba, Haiti, and the Dominican Republic and Puerto Rico in a transmarine extension.

The construction of the U. S.-Canadian-Alaskan highway, which has just been approved by the U. S. and Canadian governments, may soon supplement the Pan-American highway as a strategic artery linking all the nations of the Western Hemisphere with an all-American highway.

At the recent fourth Pan-American Highway Congress in Mexico City, a

resolution was unanimously adopted urging the dedication of the Pan-American highway on Oct. 12, 1942, to commemorate the 450th anniversary of Columbus' discovery of America.

The projected dedication ceremonies would not imply completion at that date nor early inauguration of through traffic over the vast trunk route linking all of the Americas. The ceremonies would reflect, however, the mutual determination of all the American republics to complete construction of this greatest international highway with the least possible delay. The roadway is now about 87% complete in Central and South America for use during the dry-weather season. Several large sections are already in constant service in Mexico, Guatemala, El Salvador, Honduras, Panama, Venezuela, Colombia, Peru, Chile, Argentina, Uruguay and Brazil. The other republics, in cooperation with the U. S., are now preparing facilities assuring safe, convenient, economical travel passing from one country to another.

Measures to speed construction have been undertaken by the U. S. in co-operation with the governments of Mexico, Costa Rica, El Salvador, Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua, Panama, Ecuador and Bolivia.

On Nov. 19, 1941, Jesse Jones, federal loan administrator, announced an agreement had been reached establish-

ing credits by the Export-Import Bank up to \$32 million to aid Mexico in developing its national system of highways, including sections of the Inter-American highway from Mexico City to the border of Guatemala, and from Nogales on the California-Mexico border to the city of Guadalajara. More recently, Congress authorized the appropriation of \$20 million to enable the U. S. to assist other governments of the Central American republics to construct sections of the Pan-American highway passing through their territories.

The highway, in view of the declarations of war by the U. S. and some other American republics against Japan and the European Axis powers, is expected to have an earlier defense utility to the countries along its route. The Trans-Isthmian highway, paralleling the Panama canal, will soon connect with the Pan-American highway system and may be expected to play an important part in the canal's military defense.

As the medium for moving large armies and vital military equipment to endangered areas in the Western Hemisphere, the highway's value for defense is of supreme importance to all the American republics. Its value doubles upon realization that, without certain important basic raw materials necessary to the army and navy and major industries, all U. S. efforts to achieve hemisphere military and economic security would be quite seriously handicapped.

South and Central American sup-

plies are of incalculable value to the U. S. The Army and Navy Munitions Board lists 14 strategic materials for which strict conservation and distribution control measures will be necessary. These materials are antimony, chromium, cocoanut-shell char, ferro-grade manganese, manila, fiber, mercury, mica, nickel, quartz crystal, quinine, rubber, silk, tin and tungsten. All of these strategic military materials are part of the great natural resources of the other American republics.

The U. S. is also dependent on South and Central American products to fortify its peacetime economy. The other American republics have a virtual monopoly on U. S. imports of bauxite, bananas, Brazil nuts, carnauba wax, castor beans, coffee, chicle, and many other products supplying key American industries with indispensable raw materials. By improvement in transportation, these products will become increasingly available for U. S. industry and for trade within South and Central America as well. The Pan-American highway will be an important factor in making this possible. Constant widening of the "critical list" of raw materials for consumer's goods in the U. S. and anticipated further restrictions will inevitably make South and Central American resources a more significant element in the war effort.

A recent government survey disclosed that the soil and climate of Central America are exceptionally favorable for the production of camphor, quinine, hemp, industrial oils, tea,

spices and particularly rubber. These products were found to be in easily accessible zones.

Principal obstacles to completion of the Pan-American highway are about 300 miles of virtually unexplored jungle area of the Darien isthmus between the Panama canal and Colombia, South America, and 289 miles in the region of the seaport of Guayaquil, Ecuador. The Darien isthmus has not even been thoroughly surveyed, and so far only one man, an American, has penetrated the interior to Colombia. For some time it will be necessary to by-pass this route by a short ship-ferry jump to Buenaventura, Colombia, on the Pacific coast of South America, or to La Guaira, Venezuela, on the Carib-

bean sea. Construction in Ecuador has been financed and is being rushed to completion to bridge the final gap in South America's 8,000-mile section.

Through the medium of the Pan-American highway, the face-to-face relationships in trade, travel, and cultural exchange for which Pan-American groups have striven for so long can now be achieved more easily.

For the first time it will be possible to create the actual physical intermingling of all the Americas. The peoples of the Western Hemisphere, now unified by the surging impulse to defend the continent against aggressors, may soon have the opportunity of exchanging individually the firm handclasp of solidarity and friendship.



Tie-Up

I once witnessed a battle between Wilton Lackaye and an English haberdashery clerk. Strolling down a London street with him not far from the theater where he was appearing in a play that wasn't doing too well, Bill, as we always called him, saw displayed in a window a tie that pleased him, incidentally the only thing in London that *did* please him. In we go for the following dialogue:

"I'd like to look at that dotted tie in the window."

"Dotted tie, sir? Dotted tie?"

"Yes. Dotted tie."

"Dotted tie, sir?"

"Yes, dotted tie. That one with polka-dots."

"Oh. You mean spotted tie, sir."

"I do not. I mean dotted tie."

"Sorry, sir. We call that a spotted tie, sir."

"Well, you call it wrong. A spotted tie is one like you are wearing with tea and eggs and marmalade on it. This one is a dotted tie."

From *Do Not Disturb* by Frank Case (Frederick A. Stokes, 1940).

Man's Image of Man

What manner of men we were

By WALTER LIPPMANN

Condensed from *Proceedings**

Most of us have, I think, taken it easily for granted that an age of progress was brought to an end by the great war which began in 1914, and we have then attributed to the war itself, as if it were an accidental and extraneous piece of very bad luck, the disorder of this age. Surely, that is only the appearance of things. Surely the truth is that our western civilization was already sick when the war of 1914 broke out. It is to this sickness, aggravated by the war itself, that we must attribute the failure of the peace and of the postwar reconstruction.

The symptoms of that sickness have been visible not only in the ensuing catastrophe of revolutionary war but in the widespread sense of personal disorientation which preceded it. Men were increasingly uneasy, unsettled, and unhappy in the years before the great catastrophe of our age.

The moralist may describe this inner disorder as vice and sin. The statesman may describe it as discontent and lawlessness. The physician may describe it as a maladjustment disclosed by such symptoms as confusion, anxiety, depression, frustration, inferiority, persecution, aimlessness and weariness. The theologian may describe it as godlessness. But they are all talking about modern man who has failed to under-

stand and live in the order to which man belongs. The modern man is a sick man because, misconceiving the nature of man, he has allowed himself to become the kind of man who cannot be happy, who cannot operate the institutions of the western world, who cannot find security and serenity in the universe.

For the paramount characteristic of the modern man is his rejection of the traditional conception of human nature, which is, as Plato says, that the soul leads the affections, and as St. Thomas Aquinas says, that the human person exercises "a royal and politic sovereignty" over the desires. The modern view of human nature has been that reason is not the representative within us of the universal order, and therefore the ruler of our appetites.

This conception of human nature, in which desire is sovereign and reason is the instrument for serving and satisfying desire, has become increasingly the accepted image of man in the modern world. It is upon this image of man that our secular education has been based, and our social philosophy, and our personal codes. Our world today is in the hands of masses of people who are formed in this image and regard it as indubitably the true and scientifically correct conception of hu-

*American Catholic Philosophical Association, 1941. The Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.

man nature. Yet the cultural tradition and the great central institutions of the western world come down to us from men who would have regarded what is now the fashionable image of man as the image of an uncivilized barbarian.

Modern man, as turned out by our secular schools and shaped by popular culture, is a being whose desires are limited, not by his reason, which represents the universal order of things, but only by the difficulty of getting more and more satisfaction. Since the desires of the modern man are illimitable, it follows that they can never be satisfied. The anguish of unlimited and therefore insatiable desire is the characteristic misery of our age.

Thus we have made social problems insoluble. For while we talk of a standard of life, we have, in fact, no standard of life except that each man shall desire more than he has thus far obtained. Under 19th-century capitalism, the ideal of the successful man was the interminable acquisition of wealth and power. Under the 20th-century social democracy, the ideal is the same, except that more persons are involved in the interminable acquisition of wealth and power. In neither social philosophy is there any measure or any means of putting a limit upon what men shall desire and then seek to acquire.

It is precisely here, I believe, that the peculiar social problem of the western world has been generated. For at bottom the social problem is not that of satisfying men's objective needs: modern technology is able to do that. The

social problem of the modern world arises not out of the objective difficulty of providing an adequate material existence but out of men's subjective expectations which, because they are unlimited and insatiable, cause violence, inequality, hatred and frustration.

There can never be contentment and peace of mind for modern men because their desires are irrational and therefore always expanding and forever unsatisfied. Their insatiable desires are an unending torture, like that which the gods inflicted on Sisyphus, in which they hunger though they eat, thirst though they drink, feel they are naked though they are clothed, long for love and cannot consummate it, seek and never find, achieve and always fail. This is the bitter core of the unhappiness of the modern man. He is an unhappy man, and therefore a dangerous man, because he can never be satisfied. His true nature, which is to find peace in the rational measure of things, has been deformed by desire that knows no limit and can find no rest.

Men cannot remain civilized when they have rejected the culture of their civilization: that is to say, when they no longer think of themselves and their place in the universe; when they no longer discipline themselves and their children in the tradition which comes to them from the prophets and the saints and the teachers and the philosophers and the discoverers who raised western men out of barbarism. The secular man—the man who obeys his impulses and knows no reason that transcends his wishes—now dominant

in the world, has for his chief article of faith an ideal of secular progress which is totally alienated from and profoundly opposed to the real character of the human person. In the secular tradition men are not taught to think that the disciplining of their desires to a rational measure is indispensable if they are ever to be truly satisfied. Thus the modern conception of progress is self-defeating.

We frequently fall into error and folly, says Dr. Johnson, "not because the true principles of action are not known but because, for a time, they are not remembered." The true principle of action, long known but in our century not remembered, is that man is so constituted that his greatest need is not the satisfaction of his desires but that his reason shall impose law and order upon his desires. This is the truth about man without which—had it not been discovered, had it not been revealed—our barbarian ancestors could not have bred more or less civilized descendants. Without the discovery of the truth about the nature of man, the barbarian would not have wished, nor would he have had any idea of how, to raise himself out of barbarism. And, as we can see by looking at the world about us, as soon as men lose hold of this truth, seeing no compelling reason why they should restrain their appetites, they quickly become barbarians again.

The ideal which arises out of the classical image of man is not progress, which merely seeks to multiply the supply of satisfactions, but the good

life. To pursue the good life, as described for example by Aristotle, is to cultivate not some but all the human dispositions by limiting each to a Golden Mean. The demand for satisfactions, the promptings of appetite, the pressure of ambition, though recognized as natural and normal, are never unlimited. They are disciplined to the reality of things, and, being moderate, they are not inherently and forever doomed to frustration.

As perfected in the religious tradition of the West the good life is an imitation of God—that is to say, the cultivation of the reason, which is an imitation of His omniscience, and of the only true freedom—the freedom to follow the dictates of reason—which is an intimation of His omnipotence.

Men who live in this tradition are capable of brotherhood in a civilized society. They can prefer to do unto others what they would have others do unto them. For men who choose to be ruled by reason are bound together as equals—equals not in the vulgar sense that they have identical or even comparable gifts and talents—but because they seek to reason and to obey reason.

This common potentiality accords them the right to hope that they can discover justice, that they can agree upon what is right. Their common freedom to follow reason by mastering their desires gives them the common hope that they can make and maintain a civilized order.

The Golden Rule in social relations will work only among men who practice the Golden Mean in their personal

conduct. Without the two elemental laws of the Golden Mean and the Golden Rule the good society is impossible.

When aggregations of men are "emancipated" (that was how they described it), when they no longer feel themselves bound by the elemental laws of their own nature, they do not in fact feel that they are freemen. For they are oppressed by inner confusion and the anxieties of insecurity. Far from entering into a joyous sense of freedom, they feel themselves at war with one another, and indeed at war within themselves.

That is why, as modern men cast off the bonds of tradition, they were not imbued with the spirit of confident enterprise and exhilarating adventure: the completely secularized modern man has disclosed his true condition by joining in the search for security from the state.

At bottom the personal life of a man will be a disordered life if he has no rational command over his desires. In this disorder the sources of man's confidence in himself, and with it his peace of mind and his resolution, are impaired.

Disordered men cannot face life confidently: their impulse must, therefore, be to escape from the pressure of their own insatiable appetites, and from the endless conflicts with other men who also are driven by insatiable appetites. For disordered men there is no solace except in flight from reality. Lacking confidence in themselves, they cannot seek refuge in themselves, achieving

peace in solitude and meditation. They seek refuge among the masses of their fellow beings, becoming anonymous, faceless, and no longer persons, in some one of those mass movements so characteristic of our times.

Actuated by their own inner disorder, driven by fear, inspired by fantasies of hope, these masses in movement cannot constitute a society. They are a horde, as Toynbee has put it, arising within our civilization rather than invading it from without. They are a horde of beings without autonomy, of individuals uprooted and so isolated and disordered that they surrender their judgment and their freedom to the master of the horde. Thus out of the chaos to which the evolution of secular individualism leads, there is born the formless mysticism of an irrational collectivism. The dissolution of western society ends—as we have seen it demonstrated in those lands where it is totally advanced—in an organized barbarism which makes the lives of all who fall within its power "poor, nasty, brutish, and short."

The outcome proves that above all the other necessities of human nature, above the satisfaction of any other need, above hunger, love, pleasure, fame—even life itself—what a man most needs is the conviction that he is contained within the discipline of an ordered existence. Man can bear anything except a sense of his own utter demoralization. As long as he has the support of a discipline, which is rational and transcends his immediate promptings, he will endure dis-

comfort, pain, and danger. That is why men with faith can face martyrdom while those without it feel stricken when they are not invited to dinner.

This neglected truth about the nature of man is at the core of the great central tradition of the western world. In this tradition, man does not fulfill his destiny except as he is ruled by the reason within him which transcends that which is only animal, because it is attached to that which is universal. The tradition is a hard one to live by,

and few succeed, and none altogether. But hard as it is, the rule of life it imposes is not an unworldly counsel of perfection. It is the truth about the only way in which men can be happy. The roots of the good society are not in charters and in buildings but in the men who made them and, more exactly, in that part of the nature of the human person where resides his reason and his freedom to follow his reason. This part of man is indestructible. For in all men who are born it is reborn.



F. D. R. Reading Livy

"In all public places where people congregate, and actually [would you believe it] in private parties [doesn't that sound just like Washington] there are men [today, you could add women, the President said] who know who are leading the armies into Macedonia, where their camps ought to be placed, what strategical positions ought to be occupied, when and by what pass Macedonia ought to be entered, where the magazines are formed, by what mode of land and sea [today we might add air, the President interpolated] transport supplies are to be conveyed, when actions are to be fought and when it is better to remain inactive. And they not only lay down what ought to be done, but when anything is done contrary to their opinion they arraign the consul as though he were impeached before the Assembly.

"If then, there is any man who, in the interests of the commonwealth, feels confident that he can give me good advice in the war which I am to conduct, let him not refuse to help his country, but go with me to Macedonia. I will supply him with a ship, a horse, a tent, and with his traveling expenses as well. If any one thinks this is too much trouble, let him not try to act as a sea pilot whilst he is on land. [Is that a classic? the President asked.] The city itself affords plenty of subjects for conversation, let him confine his loquacity to these; he may rest assured that the discussions in our councils of war will satisfy us."

Livy (Chap. 22, Book 44) as read by President Roosevelt with his own interpolations.
Army & Navy Journal (21 March '42).

Rumor

By H. C. McGINNIS

Condensed from the *Ave Maria**

Be for shutting up

War rumors can be placed into two classes. First, there is that brand started and circulated by wholly patriotic but thoughtless people who really believe they are warning their neighbors of something important. They are the ones who have misunderstood what they heard or have placed a wrong interpretation upon it. Then there are rumors started by the enemy as a part of the war of nerves.

Rumor is one of the most vicious forces in the lowering of national morale. Hitler, for example, made valuable use of rumor in fifth-column activity. He started all kinds of stories about his invincible secret weapons and about the dreadful things which would happen to innocent civilians if the threatened nation dared to stand against him. Time after time we have seen civilian populations "softened up" by this process; France was a good example.

The writer, who served overseas during the first World War, remembers well the importance Allied authorities attached to rumors. Perhaps we can easiest see what we may have to face in this connection by reviewing what we faced in the first World War. In France, as in all warring countries at the time, civilian morale was considered of utmost importance. Huge brightly colored posters were placed

conspicuously in many public places, warning the public bluntly to talk little and listen less.

Let us look at a working example of a rumor and the jitters it caused. It came about through the Big Bertha, that monstrous-sized cannon which bombarded Paris. When the first shells from the Big Bertha, 70 miles away, landed in the French capital, a systematic search was begun outside the city for a hidden gun fired, perhaps, through the partially removed roof of a house within ordinary gun range. A careful combing of the suspected territory revealed nothing, and the entire nation was baffled. Troops in the front line became jittery as the rumor gained force that the enemy had succeeded in perfecting an invisible and soundless type of airplane which defied all detection. Farmers in the field could be seen plowing with one eye on the furrow and the other cocked skyward for aerial monsters. Townspeople went about nervously, expecting death from a source they could neither see nor hear. Despite government warnings, both soldiers and civilians began to vie with each other as they told all they knew of what was really happening and then invented all kinds of invincible monsters which sailed through the skies.

It is interesting to note the German

psychology in using this gun. Obviously it could be of no use upon a definite target, for two successive shells fired from the same range elevation might fall miles apart due to changing air currents and other physical factors. Although the projectile was of a large caliber when fired, it exploded in the air to discharge a smaller projectile after traveling a certain distance. This projectile, in turn, exploded and discharged a still smaller one, and this process went on until the projectile which finally landed was about a three-inch shell. This did not make for accuracy, but the Germans were satisfied. They weren't nearly as interested in physical destruction as they were in mental damage.

To aggravate the war of nerves upon Paris civilians, the enemy established a 15-minute firing schedule. One knew that every quarter hour on the dot a shell would fall somewhere in the city; but since the spot hit by the last shell was no indication of the next, one naturally watched apprehensively the quarter hour periods, wondering if he might come into head-on collision with the next greeting sent over.

At first, the shelling caused Paris an uneasiness more from uncertainty than from anything else. However, as time rolled into weeks, the average Frenchman shrugged his shoulders and went calmly about his business, feeling he shouldn't worry until a shell came over with his own name inscribed. The whole thing shows to what tremendous lengths an enemy will go to upset civilian morale.

Among the American troops rumors raced around with surprising regularity. Britain was withdrawing from the war; the French were facing revolution; the Germans had reached the channel and were invading England; Pershing had died; the American army was being transferred to Russia; almost anything and everything else. Exploded rumors became so common that when anything truthful did get into circulation, skeptical doughboys often insisted it was just another hoax.

Perhaps the most disturbing of such rumors, and one which found surprising credence temporarily, was the reported death of President Wilson in 1918. The American boys in the sectors where the rumor ran were considerably saddened one day to hear that their President had died suddenly. This rumor was quickly followed by another which said the President had been assassinated. Then came a real stunner: the President, discouraged by the war's progress and seeing no hope, had committed suicide. Although these rumors were quickly denied, many boys felt sure that where there was so much smoke, there must be some fire; and for some time many remained convinced that something dreadful had happened.

Back home the civilian population was being worked on faithfully and incessantly by rumormongers. The mothers of boys in the A. E. F. were a special target. Stories were circulated about unspeakable mutilations suffered by American soldiers at the front. The army's surgeon general was kept

busy issuing official denials, stating the Yanks were suffering no more than other Allied troops and that the public had a fairly good idea of what that amounted to from previous reports. Other rumors were started, attentively listened to and passed on in stage whispers which added to their importance. The Jews were selling out the nation, it was said. The nation's colored population was planning a race war. This man was a spy and the government was ready to seize him; that man was a traitor and the secret service was on his trail.

In this new World War we must expect our nerves to be tried by a fresh batch of rumors. Those who have experienced this kind of thing before should know what to expect. It devolves upon us to warn the younger generation. Before long we can expect to hear that our boys are up against almost unbelievable weapons which slaughter them without a chance. This will be directed toward the mothers of the boys in the service in the hope of creating hysteria. Anxious mothers will write their sons, pleading for information about these terrors. The boys, wondering what it is all about, will naturally be disturbed and, although they will have nothing to report, it won't please them to know that mother is worried to death.

Rumors about all kinds of military and naval disasters will enter circulation, although it will be impossible to determine their source. Wartime censorship helps rumor, for people sometimes think they have choice news

which has been withheld from everyone else by the censors. We may expect to hear rumors about our allies deserting the cause or double-crossing us in some way or other. We may hear of Japanese armies in Canada, in Mexico, and perhaps in Cuba. We shall hear about new and highly impossible gadgets of war which the Japanese are using, of newer and deadlier gases, of deadly germs contained in shells and dropped upon defenseless civilian populations.

Such rumors will be started mainly by enemy agents or sympathizers. But many of our best-intentioned fellow citizens will, unless they are exceptionally wary, find themselves whispering rumors which they feel sure are whole truth and should be passed along. One boy will innocently write home that his buddy who lived on the next street is in the hospital—perhaps with grippe. So the story begins. But watch it grow: next he is badly wounded; then killed in action; next his entire unit is wiped out; finally, the one sick boy assumes the proportions of a full-fledged battle in which thousands are killed.

Perhaps the most dangerous rumor spreader is the well-meaning person with overwrought nerves who, while in a crowded movie or other public place, imagines he hears an air-attack alarm and proceeds to throw the place into a fatal panic. Already Europe's casualties, from this and similar actions, are sizable.

With the nation facing its greatest crisis, we have an obligation to do everything possible to maintain mo-

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rale, both at home and among our fighting forces. One of the best things we can do is to put all rumor factories out of action or, failing in that, minimize their damage by refusing to be-

come carriers. After we have our own mouths under control, we can explain to wool-witted neighbors how much damage they may be doing thoughtlessly.



Clearinghouse

Here are the four main objections which should be answered for good-neighbor relations:

1. Some Latin Americans think that the American and British governments are merely the cat's-paws of materialistic and Freemasonic forces and, ignoring Catholics, give privileged places to Protestant, Jewish and leftist interests.

2. Some Latin Americans prefer to believe that Hitler, like Mussolini and Franco, will finally recognize the importance of the Church.

3. Some Latin Americans too easily believe Axis whispering campaigns, which give bogus evidence of totalitarian tolerance towards religion in occupied countries.

4. Some Latin Americans are convinced that the victory of Britain and the U. S. would only serve to deliver the nations of Europe over to atheistic Russian control, which, they believe, would create a situation far worse than Hitler's New Order.

Here are four North American attitudes which complicate Pan-American relations:

1. Some North Americans harp upon the fact that Latin Americans are only nominal Catholics, forgetting that the vast majority of Latin Americans, irrespective of whether they live up to their religion, react in exactly the same way whenever the Church is criticized or assailed.

2. Some North Americans assert that Latin Americans are anti-democratic when in fact the resentment is against radical parties which, in the name of democracy, tried to force anticlerical laws on the people.

3. Some North Americans contend that Latin Americans are pro-fascists, while the record shows that, although there are strong cultural ties with Spain and Portugal, all but two Latin-American countries have severed relations with the Axis powers.

4. Some North Americans insist that the Church seeks to dominate Latin-American politics whereas separation of Church and state is the rule rather than the exception in Latin America.

Priest Versus Psychotherapist

By STANLEY B. JAMES

Condensed from *Emmanuel**

For a pain in the psyche

One of the best-known names in the realm of psychoanalysis is that of Carl Jung, a pupil of Freud, who later headed a movement of revolt against his teacher. Though he speaks of himself as "on the extreme left-wing of Protestantism," this Swiss professor exhibits in his writings considerable sympathy with the religious spirit. As a consultant, he has been made aware of the modern man's need of religion and of the evils that have resulted from his inability to satisfy that need. In a book entitled *Modern Man in Search of a Soul*, he has devoted a chapter to the rival claims of clergy and psychotherapists. It makes clear his recognition of the need of religion. "During the past 30 years," he says, "people from all the civilized countries of the earth have consulted me. I have treated many hundreds of patients, the larger number being Protestants, a smaller number Jews, and not more than five or six believing Catholics. Among all my patients in the second half of life—that is to say, over 35—there has not been one whose problem in the last resort was not that of finding a religious outlook on life. It is safe to say that every one of them fell ill because he had lost that which the living religions of every age have given to their followers, and none of them has been really healed who did not regain his religious out-

look. Side by side with the decline of religious life, the neuroses grow noticeably more frequent. There are as yet no statistics which enable us to prove this increase in actual numbers. But of one thing I am sure, that everywhere the mental state of European man shows an alarming lack of balance. We are living undeniably in a period of the greatest restlessness, nervous tension, confusion and disorientation of outlook. Among my patients from many countries, all of them educated persons, a considerable number came to see me, not because they were suffering from a neurosis but because they could find no meaning in life or were torturing themselves with unanswered questions. A number of them perhaps thought that I knew of a magic formula, but I was soon compelled to tell them that I, too, had no answer to give."

That last remark is enlightening. It goes a long way to explain the fact, noted by Jung, that the great majority of those needing help appeal not to the clergy but to the psychotherapist. "The wave of interest in psychology which at present is sweeping over the Protestant countries of Europe is far from receding," says Jung. "It is coincident with the general exodus from the Church. Quoting a Protestant minister, I may say: 'Nowadays, people go to the

psychotherapist rather than to the clergyman." This preference is not unrelated to the notion that the former is possessed of some magic formula. The priest represents a traditional authority and is therefore unacceptable to the modern man, whose distinguishing feature is his revolt against both tradition and authority. Moreover, our generation is firmly convinced that theology and all that pertains to institutional religion is remote from our practical needs. It is hoped, however, that the religious outlook, which is admittedly required for the restoration of mental health, can be supplied by the man of science, who thus comes to occupy in the eyes of those concerned, the position formerly assigned to the clergy.

The modern man is prepared to use psychology as his servant, just as he uses steam, electricity and all other resources of the physical world. So long as he is allowed freedom to accept or reject the counsels offered him, he has no objection to submit himself to any one professing ability to help him. What he objects to is the person who, claiming to represent God, addresses himself authoritatively to the conscience.

The Church starts with the assertion that we are not our own. The question of physical and mental health therefore is not one which concerns only our own wishes. The man who is knowingly ruining his health with drugs has to be told that he is under an obligation to abandon this suicidal habit. Insofar as we can overcome mental dis-

ease, we are warned that we must do so. Sanity is not only a desirable ideal; its preservation is a duty which we owe to our Creator. That truth is perhaps more apparent today than it once was. It is not a question of choice but of moral compulsion as to whether we shall cultivate our powers and maintain a right balance between them.

Along with this is a growing realization that the Church herself is capable of exercising an influence calculated to achieve the objects aimed at by the psychotherapist. We have already seen that, according to Carl Jung's own admission, the majority of those who consulted him were suffering from the need of some interpretation of life which would give it religious significance. The absence of any such credible interpretation must deprive those who experience it of the motive power which integrates personality and enables us to maintain a healthy interest in the world about us and in our own work. It seems likely that, with the cessation of hostilities and the relaxation of the strain they have imposed, this state of affairs will be accentuated.

The war effort has supplied, for the time being, sufficient occasion for a full life. It would be found probably that there has been a decrease in mental disease. There has been a bracing up of personality which is registered in greater cheerfulness. But the slump, when the war ceases, will be all the greater. Nervous exhaustion will bring on a mood of apathy. No one will have sufficient strength to participate in the strenuous and exacting movements

necessary. The mission to which the Church will find itself called will be that of supplying motive power. By linking human personality to the supernatural dynamic of divine power and love, it will be able to restart the wheels of life. In fact, it will have to do what it did when the fall of the Roman empire and the destruction of the Roman civilization left men without anything to live for. In days gone by when too great absorption in the world had to be overcome, the Church reminded the faithful of eternity. In the future the role may be exchanged for that of activating a generation which has lost faith in life on earth. In that case it will be the task of the Church to hearten men for the labor of rebuilding civilized life.

More and more will mankind turn to the one stable institution left, to replenish their strength and reintegrate their personalities. In this the Eucharist, the Medicine of Life, will play an important part. So also, obviously, will the sacrament of Penance. But the ministry of the Church will function in those institutions which it supports and which reinforce the instincts of normal health and tend to maintain a right balance. Such, for instance, is family life, just distribution of private property and the provision of work capable of enlisting the interest and energy of the whole man.

"Here, then," says Jung, speaking of the situation I have described, "the clergyman stands before a vast horizon. But it would seem as if no one noticed it. It also appears as though the

Protestant clergyman of today is insufficiently equipped to cope with the urgent psychic needs of our age. It is indeed high time for the clergyman and the psychotherapist to join forces to meet this great spiritual task." The Catholic priest, it is admitted, has not the same need to equip himself. He has at his disposal a technique based on the theology of his Church and matured by constant practice in dealing with individual souls. Nevertheless, even the latter will learn much from those who have approached the same problems from a strictly scientific point of view.

The man of science, starting from the physical realm, has become increasingly aware of spiritual phenomena bearing on the problems he has to solve. He has been moving into that sphere which is the priest's special concern. In medical science, particularly, the dependence of the doctor on psychological truth is now very widely recognized. For these reasons it seems fitting that there should be a movement in the opposite direction. Those with a responsibility for the care of souls should show themselves willing to cooperate with any who approach psychic problems from the scientific standpoint.

People who are blessed with healthy bodies are scarcely conscious of them. It is not until we become ill that we become interested in the functioning of our physical organism. The same is true also of the inner realm. An unself-conscious age preoccupied with elementary needs and untroubled by neu-

roses knew nothing about psychology in its modern phase. The fact that such names as Freud, Adler and Jung are so well known throughout the civilized world is an indication that our generation is sick.

Psychotherapy has been called into being by the disease from which our generation is suffering. There are

psychic problems to be solved today of which other ages were ignorant. We are confident that the traditional ministry of the Church is adequate to deal with the increasing complexity of the human psyche, but it will be all the more adequate if it avails itself of the objective results achieved by the psychotherapist.



Capitalism in Court

By BRYAN M. O'REILLY

Condensed from the *Magnificat**

The beginnings of capitalism are coincident with the Religious Revolt of the 16th century; and its patron saint is Calvin. The Catholic Church, with her doctrine of free will and personal responsibility to God, always puts man with his soul, and because of his soul, before everything else—even money. This inanimate medium of exchange she held, in the words of Thomas Aquinas, to be barren by nature and incapable of fecundity. It was because of this that the Jews, in the Middle Ages, became the moneylenders of the world—for Christians could not lend money at interest. But Calvin, by his doctrine of predestination, dealt a severe blow to man's personal responsibility and—although it may not be said that he put money before man—left man free to seek success in this

world since his salvation rested wholly on God's grace preordained from all eternity.

This theological error, to which today's man of affairs gives little thought, has profoundly influenced the economic life of the last 400 years. Under its shadow and in an expanding economy, Christians threw themselves into commerce and vied with the Jews in lending money at interest. It became axiomatic that money bred money, that prosperity and godliness went hand in hand. A fissure appeared between religion and economics.

The taking of interest, today, is not condemned by the Catholic Church since it is an integral part of the economic system under which we exist, but it is scarcely approved. Leo XIII wrote in *Rerum Novarum*: "The mis-

* 131 Laurel St., Manchester, N. H. April, 1942.

chief [inequality between man and man] has been increased by rapacious usury, which although more than once condemned by the Church, is nevertheless under a different guise still practiced by covetous and grasping men." The churches which sprang from the religious revolt take the fecundity of money for granted and are prone to regard respectability as synonymous with Christianity.

This is not to maintain, for an instant, that the current evils of capitalism lie at the doors of the Protestant churches; or to pretend that the temporal record of the Catholic Church is without blemish. Capitalism, with all its mechanisms good and bad, perhaps was inevitable with the expansion of the world. Like all the philosophies and techniques of the modern world, capitalism got off to a bad start in the sense that it parallels the breakup of Christendom by heresy and, in consequence, has an unsound philosophical base and lacks moral fiber.

Capitalism came of age with the Industrial Revolution. With English merchant nabobs and the robber barons of an expanding U. S. as its chief practitioners, and deists of the Manchester school of economics as its theorists, it quickly lost such Christian content as it may have possessed, becoming a law unto itself. Men became mere "hands" and the law of supply and demand supplanted that of the Creator. Money became king and interest the heir apparent.

In modern times the heir has come into his own. The rulers of today's cap-

italistic economy are not the barons of the 19th century but the financiers with their corporations who supply money at interest. The colorful figures of the past who built the mills and the factories and worked the mines begin to appear almost attractive with the patina of age.

During this transition there came into being the corporate entity, a refinement of the capitalistic system. It commenced, after the South Sea Bubble scandal, as a natural tool in an ever expanding economy; but in it the resources of many could be banded together for the purposes of trade, production and profit. As a tool it had its uses. But the time came when the courts, by this time indoctrinated with capitalistic concepts, ruled that before the law a corporation was a "person." This upset the balance of real values and deprived human persons of the protection which their humanity previously assured them. The corporation became a "person," relieved of the inconvenience of dying, and without care for dependents. This person, lacking the check of a conscience, was enabled to wax fatter and richer decade after decade and generation after generation. Its only God was profit, its only devil, loss.

There is no other one factor which so tends to enslave men to money as that of interest. From the days of Shylock down to those of the Home Owner's Loan, the lender has demanded his pound of flesh. The principle, "money breeds money," steadily makes the rich richer while it drains the poor. Money

out at interest not only makes more money but it sucks up the few possessions of the less fortunate. The house and land that a poor man loses to a bank because, through lack of work, he falls behind in mortgage payments, subsequently make profits for that institution. The stocks that a poor man forfeits make money later for the financial house which can afford to hold them. Interest enables the possessor of large sums of money to play both ends against the middle and secure himself against loss by diversification.

The evil effects of usury—and interest is nothing but a gentlemanly modification—are older than our present economic system. Long before the swelling rise of trade and commerce during the Renaissance the Church struggled against usury. The other major evil of capitalism, corporate finance, is a modern disease. It was bad enough when through the power of money men preyed upon men. It remained for our modern wizards to perfect a machine, an inanimate thing, the servant of a few (for stockholders are very sleepy partners) which, competing with men, drives them to the wall. For whatever chance a man had against the master or the moneylender, he has none against the corporation. Placed before the law on an equality with the individual person it can always afford expensive legal talent. And it can wait, for it has no stomach to feed; it can be brutal because it has no heart; it can be unblushingly greedy because it has no conscience; and it can be wise or

cunning beyond the average because it commands the pooled brains of experts in every field. More fundamentally it becomes a ten-armed devilfish devouring all its lesser rivals until whole towns live on its often scanty payrolls and states are subject to its wishes. It abolishes men and substitutes a proletariat.

Interest rates and corporations need not and sometimes do not result in these things, but ordinarily these are the evident evils of capitalism.

It is an egregious mistake to imagine that capitalism is all evil; were that so, we should scarcely have arrived at the stage of advanced civilization which we have, or had until we were drawn into total war. It is significant that the capitalistic countries of England, the U. S. and Germany provided for the mass of their people a much higher standard of living than did other countries in which capitalism had not fully developed or which had rejected capitalism for another form of economy. Neither Russia nor Serbia, for instance, could compare in average standard of life with the U. S. or Switzerland. Capitalism has advantages, even for the masses.

Above all, capitalism is based upon free enterprise, upon the right of man, theoretically, to employ his talents as he sees fit. It abolishes sumptuary laws and makes class distinctions fluid. It was developed by free men, freely enterprising. With all its vices—and the theoretical freedom of men in the economic field is often a bitter mockery—there are more independent men today,

under this system, than there were before it. These things cannot easily be brushed aside and discarded.

Capitalism has made possible the automobile in the American craftsman's garage and the slate roof instead of the thatch on the Irish laborer's cottage. It has lowered the cost of food on Everyman's table and put all those gadgets in his bathroom. It has done more than that: it has made possible the application of inventions and encouraged the discovery of new ways of doing things and fresh ways of using things. Capitalism brought us gasoline from kerosene and rubber from synthetics. Corporations made many of these things possible because they could put aside money for research, supply the tools and support the inventors. This can be said: the vices of capitalism are those of free men.

The emotions are always more easily aroused than the intellect; and this is, no doubt, the reason why the abuses of capitalism appear vivid and heart-rending while the advantages seem cold, abstract and academic. Another reason is that man is apt, without reflection, to take accustomed advantages for granted and consider them quite apart from concurrent abuses.

As a matter of fact, with the possible exception of the principle of interest which seems cardinal to the system, the disadvantages of capitalism are excesses. They do not spring from the system but from the human agents whose greed, injustice and lust for

power and wealth prompt them to apply the instruments of economy to their own selfish advantage rather than to the common good of all. Once again it is the human element rather than the institution which is at fault. Catholics, certainly, should not fall into the same error when examining capitalism as that made by non-Catholics when dealing with the history of the Church. And, since we are Christians, we cannot subscribe to the Marxist doctrines which hold that economic exploitation and class war are basic to systems other than communism. These doctrines are on a par with theories concerning evolution: in the realm of speculation rather than fact. The eternal grit in any system is fallen human nature.

Catholic Christianity remade pagan Europe, Catholic philosophy Christianized Aristotle, but Catholic ethics did not Christianize capitalism. It failed to do this because of the Religious Revolt which was actually the greatest civil war of the West. The best that Protestant Christianity — which in large part took over capitalism — could do was to give it a Christian gloss which human greed has rubbed off. Although the errors of capitalism are deep-seated, most of them are not germane. It should be possible to purge them by the light and heat of Christian charity and justice. Only under some form of capitalism can we maintain that free economy which has been the basis not only of our material progress but of our drive and backbone.

Books of Current Interest

[Any of which can be ordered through us.]

Belloc Lowndes, M. A. I, Too, Have Lived in Arcadia. New York: Dodd, Mead. 318 pp. \$3.

Hilaire Belloc's sister relates many delightful incidents from the 1860's to 1881 in this biography of the Belloc family.

Daly, Maureen. Seventeenth Summer. New York: Dodd, Mead. 255 pp. \$2.50.

One summer's little events put into a melodious novel that can be compared only to a primrose in the clean wind; by a Rosary College student.

DeBlacam, Hugh. Saints of Ireland. Milwaukee: Bruce. 218 pp. \$2.25.

Dramatizes the lives of Saints Brigid and Columcille. A sequel to his *St. Patrick*.

Gallagher, Patrick. Paddy the Cope. New York: Devin-Adair. 288 pp. \$2.50.

Autobiography of the founder of the first cooperative in Ireland. A pleasant and splendid must for everyone even interested.

Gregorich, Joseph. The Apostle of the Chippewas. Detroit: Romig. 104 pp. \$1.

Documented biography of the saintly Slavonic bishop of northern Michigan, Frederick Baraga.

Hutchison, Bruce. The Unknown Country. New York: Coward-McCann. 386 pp. \$3.50.

Psychological acuteness and great sympathy produce a province-by-province portrait of Canada, skillfully and even tenderly written.

Krzesinski, Andrew J. Is Modern Culture Doomed? New York: Devin-Adair. 158 pp. \$2.

The inexhaustible dynamism of Christian culture, aided by divine providence, is shown to be the salvation of civilization.

Thompson, Newton, and Stock, Raymond. Concordance to the Bible. St. Louis: Herder. 1255 pp. \$7.50.

Monumental reference tool for the Douay version.

Von Hildebrand, Dietrich. Marriage. New York: Longmans. 64 pp. \$1.25.

Philosophical treatise on the mystery of love and sacramental marriage, lucid in its fine profundity.

Watkin, Edward. The Praise of Glory. New York: Sheed. 304 pp. \$3.50.

Shows Lauds and Vespers as a tremendous permeating influence in intelligent Catholic activity.

Wilson, Charles Morrow. Central America: Challenge and Opportunity. New York: Holt. 293 pp. \$3.

Central American summary with all the realities in place. A cultural study without bias or guile.